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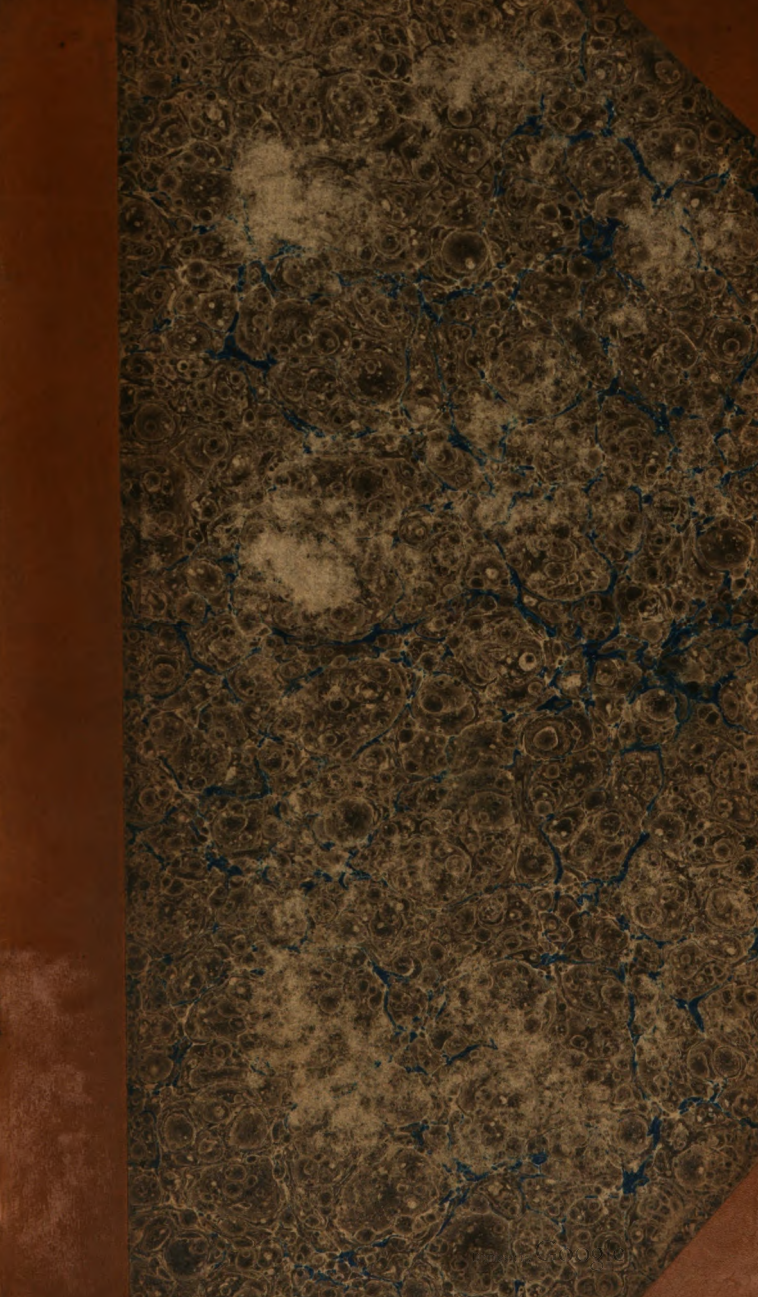
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O'DONNEL.

A NATIONAL TALE.

VOL. I.

O'DONNEL:
A NATIONAL TALE.

BY
LADY MORGAN,

(LATE MISS OWENSON)

AUTHOR OF THE WILD IRISH GIRL:

NOVICE OF ST. DOMINICK, &c.

Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name?
Discuss!.....

SHAKESPEARE.

Revised Edition.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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• 1815.



B. Clarke, Printer, Well-street, London.

TO HIS GRACE
WILLIAM SPENCER CAVENDISH,
DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

HIGH STEWARD, LORD LIEUTENANT, &c. &c.
OF THE COUNTY OF DERBY;

Whose vast Possessions in Ireland
place him among the first of her great English Landholders;
whose liberal feelings in her interests
class him high in the rank of her best friends;
whose example in the country so frequently
distinguished by his presence, is

THE WISDOM OF CONCILIATION;

and whose conduct towards a *grateful and prosperous*
tenantry best evinces in its effects
how much the happiness and improvement of the
lower classes of the nation
depend upon the enlightened liberality and benevolent
attentions of the highest,

This Irish Tale

Is most *appropriately*, and most respectfully
dedicated,

By His Grace's
Most obliged and obedient servant,
SYDNEY MORGAN.

PREFACE.

LITERARY fiction, whether directed to the purpose of transient amusement, or adopted as an indirect medium of instruction, has always in its most genuine form exhibited a mirror of the times in which it is composed; reflecting morals, customs, manners, peculiarity of character, and prevalence of opinion. Thus, perhaps, after all, it forms the best history of nations; the rest being but the dry chronicles of facts and events, which in the same stages of society occur under the operations of the same passions, and tend to the same consequences.

But, though such be the primary

character of fictitious narrative, we find it, in its progress, producing arbitrary models, derived from conventional modes of thinking amongst writers, and influenced by the doctrines of the learned, and the opinions of the refined. Ideal beauties, and ideal perfection take the place of nature, and approbation is sought rather by a description of *what is not*, than a faithful portraiture of *what is*. He, however, who soars beyond the line of general knowledge and common feelings, must be content to remain within the exclusive pale of particular approbation. It is the interest, therefore, of the *novelist*, who is, *par etat*, the servant of the *many*, not the *minister* of the *few*, to abandon pure abstractions, and “thick coming fancies” to philosophers and

to poets ; to adopt, rather than create ; to combine, rather than invent ; and to take nature and manners for the grounds and groupings of works, which are professedly addressed to popular feelings and ideas.

Influenced by this impression, I have for the first time ventured on that style of novel, which simply bears upon the " flat realities of life." Having determined upon taking Ireland as my theme, I sought in its records and chronicles for the ground-work of a story, and the character of an hero. The romantic adventures and unsubdued valour of O'DONNEL *the Red*, Chief of Tirconnel,* in the reign of Elizabeth, promised at the first glance

* Modern Donegal, in the province of Ulster.

all I wished, and seemed happily adapted to my purpose. I had already advanced as far as the second volume of my MS. and had expended much time and labour in arduous research and dry study, when I found it necessary to forego my original plan. The character of my sex, no less than my own feelings, urged me in touching those parts of Irish history, which were connected with my tale, to turn them to purposes of conciliation, and to incorporate the leaven of favourable opinion with that heavy mass of bitter prejudice, which writers, both grave and trifling, have delighted to raise against my country. But when I fondly thought to send forth a dove bearing the olive of peace, I found I was on the point of flinging an arrow winged with discord.

I *had* hoped, as far as *my feeble efforts could go*, to extenuate the errors attributed to Ireland, by an exposition of their causes, drawn from historic facts; but I found that, like the spirit in *Macbeth*, I should at the same moment hold up a glass to my countrymen, reflecting but *too many fearful images*,

To “*shew their eyes and grieve their hearts.*”

For I discovered, far beyond my expectation, that I had fallen upon “evil men and evil days;” and that in proceeding, I must raise a veil which ought never to be drawn, and renew the memory of events, which the interests of humanity require to be for ever buried in oblivion.

I abandoned therefore my original plan, took up a happier view of things,

advanced my story to more modern and more liberal times, and exchanged the rude chief of the days of old, for his polished descendant in a more refined age: and I trust the various branches of the ancient house with whose name I have honoured him, will not find reason to disown their newly discovered kinsman.

SYDNEY MORGAN.

35, Kildare-street, Dublin,
March 1, 1814.

O'DONNEL.

CHAPTER I.

To the Right Rev.

The Lord Bishop of —,

Palace of —.

Dear Bishop,

If our most serious resolutions are sometimes procrastinated, sometimes broken, may we not reasonably expect forgiveness, when occasionally found wanting in the discharge of our duties of ceremony, or engagements of etiquette? I feel that I ought long since to have congratulated

lated you on your advancement from your English Rectory to an Irish See. I *have* done it in *fact*; and ~~for~~ *forms* you know how little I deal in them.

Since my arrival on my Irish estate, which I have now visited for the first time, I have been deeply involved in business. The renewal of old leases, reclamation of neglected rights, repair of highways, and restoration of all kinds of dilapidations, both in the house and demesne (the consequence of many years absence and neglect), together with an almost endless labour through the labyrinth of minor law transactions, exclusively incidental, I believe, to Irish property, have scarcely left me breathing time. So different is all this from the quiet tenor of my life at *Glentworth Hall*, that I scarcely know myself in my novel character of bustle and importance. However, my affairs are now nearly brought to a close, and though I should certainly

prefer (being *once* in Ireland) a longer residence at Ballynogue, in order to become better acquainted with my tenants on this side the water, and more effectually to study their interests, yet so anxious is Lady Singleton to be off, that I think we shall return home early in the ensuing month. Lady Singleton, who is, as you know, a traveller *by profession*, wishes to return by Scotland, in preference to retracing our steps by Holyhead. I have therefore to beg a night's lodging at your palace for myself and family, *en passant*, for I understand the sleeping stage within a few miles of your residence is *execrably bad*. But should we change our minds, and not go by Port Pa—

Dear Bishop,

Patrick, Mr. Glentworth would have written, but I have snatched the pen from his hand, in the conviction that I shall come more

immediately to the point. I know of old, that his head is by no means *bien timbré* for these sorts of negociation: there is nobody so clever as Mr. Glentworth; but, as I used to say to poor dear Lord Singleton, men always fail when they come to, *les details*. *Allons donc!* I need not tell you how difficult it is to move Mr. Glentworth out of Derbyshire. During his twenty years marriage with his first wife, he never (as he *boasts*) slept one night away from Glentworth Hall, except while he was attending Parliament: and though I have been constantly urging him since the day of our union to visit his Irish estates (for I heard there was *every thing* to do) I never could prevail upon him, until the falling in of his leases gave him no alternative, and so—here we are.

Oh, my dear Bishop, what a country! What room for change and improvement! or rather what a *necessity*

for a total *bouleversement* of every thing ! I have done a little ; that is, I have *undone* every thing : but for the present, I shall not have time to complete any thing. My plans, most of which I have drawn out myself, have quite astonished Mr. Glentworth's Irish agent ; but, as is usual among the semi-barbarous, improvement is resisted as innovation, and Mr. O'Grady has an obstacle to oppose to every thing I have suggested ; because the old muddling system must go on for ever in the same old muddling way.

There is nothing so much wanted here as a canal from Ballynogue to Dublin : I have drawn out a plan upon the Newcastle system, and.... But we will talk all these things over when we meet. Now Mr. Glentworth is *planté* here, it is quite as difficult to get him back to England, as it was to induce him to leave it. We propose, however, bidding farewell to Ballynogue

on or about the 18th of September; and as we shall go slowly, for we intend to travel with a set of horses we have made up since we came here, we may expect, according to *my* calculations, to be with you by the 21st. We left Charles Glentworth at Oxford, with your quondam pupil, Lord Boston. Our party therefore simply consists of Mr. G. myself, my two daughters, their governess, and five servants. Apropos of Lord B. we met his mother, Lady Llanberis, in Wales, on her way to what I call her *principality*.—There never was so bored a woman; though she talked in *raptures* of her “native mountains,” when in London. They say she is, *journaliere*—but she has an excellent heart. She expects the *Savills* at *Llanberis*; they are amazingly *liés*! What can that mean? She talks with great delight of her son, and, considering the care you took of his edu-

cation, she might have done something better than placing you in a poor bishopric in the north of Ireland: however, this is but her *pas d'avance* for you. She will do more and better in time, for her five boroughs *must* carry every thing before them. I wish, however, you had consulted *me*, before you accepted the See: I will not *pledge* myself that my brother would or *could* do better at present for you; but he would have done as *well, pour le moins*.

Farewell, my dear Bishop: we all unite in congratulations, &c.

I am just going to walk to our little town of Ballynogue, with a new friend of our's, whom we found here, and who was quite, what is vulgarly called, a God send—a Mr. Dexter, an amazing safe person, quite of the *right side*, and with a quantity of good sense: he agrees with me in every thing, but particularly on the state of this wretched country: he is settled at Ballynogue, and

has promised in my absence to have a certain *surveillance* on things here, which is a great matter. By the bye, you have no idea what a *sensation* I create when I go into the town of Ballynogue; for I make it a rule to enter every house *sans façon*, as lady of the manor; a sort of feudal privilege you know; and I go on examining, changing, correcting, and improving, according to exigencies: in fact, a *radical reform* is called for. I will lend my little aid to its completion, while Mr. Glentworth remains inert, and listens and smiles, and is not a bit the more complying; so that plan as I may, the means are still denied me to execute.

Once more adieu.

Your's truly,

C. SINGLETON.

August the 28th.

Ballynogue Castle, Ballynogue.

*To the Lady Viscountess Singleton,
Ballynogue Castle,
Ballynogue.*

My dear Madam,

I return your Ladyship, Mr. Glentworth, and the Misses Singleton, my most unfeigned and hearty thanks for your kind congratulations on my unmerited promotion to the distinguished situation, which I now unworthily hold. My elevation to the See of — took place shortly after you left our ever by me esteemed and regretted neighbourhood in Derbyshire. The event, Lady Singleton, was unexpected, but the solicitude of my noble friends got the start of my humble desires. I trust I was contented with my former state; nor, indeed was an Irish bishoprick, with so small a revenue, and such limited patronage, an object

greatly to be coveted : But I left every thing to the Countess of Llanberis.

I must certainly rejoice in any circumstance, which may bring your Ladyship and Mr. Glentworth to this remote part of the world, and the best accommodation my poor episcopal residence (by courtesy called palace) can afford is at your Ladyship's service. The house, though old, is capacious ; and you may judge that I have a tolerable number of lodging rooms, when I inform your Ladyship, that at the time when I hope to have the honour of seeing your family, I expect also as my guests, Commodore and Lady Florence Grandville, their friend Mr. Vandaleur, and Colonel Percy Moclere, Lord B——'s second son, who is quartered in my neighbourhood. Commodore Grandville (with whose eldest brother, the present Earl Grandville, I was travelling, when I first had the honour of meeting your Ladyship, and your respected late

Lord at Florence) is stationed off Lough Swilly. He has, I hear, taken for the time being, a house prettily situated on the coast, and Lady Florence intends (as it is right she should) to spend the three ensuing months with him : she comes from her father's near Edinburgh, and the Commodore meets her at ————palace, to give her convoy to Lough Swilly.

Mr. Vandaleur, at one of whose unrivalled dinners in Portman Square I had the honour of meeting your Ladyship, when I was last in town, is come over merely to see his friends the Grandvilles; and Lady Florence wrote me word she had appointed him to meet them at my place. I sincerely rejoice, therefore, that I have something to offer your Ladyship which may serve as an inducement to you and Mr. Glentworth to remain a few days under my roof, and I hope Lady Singleton will believe that I am, with

every sentiment of respect, and the
highest consideration,

Her Ladyship's servant and friend,

RICHARD ———.

Palace of ———.

September the 1st.

P. S. I have been sadly oppressed with my old complaint in the chest ever since I came to Ireland. The moisture of the climate is much against me. I have, however, found relief for the present from a newly discovered medicine, a balsam, I have got over from London, recommended by my friend Judge ———. I find here ample room for my little agricultural tastes, and I have a spot of ground near the palace, which I call my Pet Farm: it is, indeed, a nice thing in its way. Game is plentiful and excellent just about me; the salmon abundant and very good: but, as your Ladyship observes, there is much to do to make

things indurable. I hear but bad accounts of our friend the Archbishop. Poor Mrs. B——! I pity her most sincerely. If Lord —— can succeed *there* for his friend, I wonder who would get Lincoln.

To the Right Rev.

*The Lord Bishop of ——,
Palace of——.*

Dear Bishop,

We have received your's of the first, and thank you for your offered hospitality. I happen to know all the party you mention particularly well, and shall be glad to meet them. How Lady Florence will get on at Lough Swilly I don't very well understand, except the officers of the Commodore's squadron go for something; however, her joining her husband is amazingly like her.

She professes great respect for the *bien-séance*, and she is quite right: it is *that* which precisely draws the line. I have often told her so: and *entre nous*, when she was doing all sorts of foolish things, a few years back, I first gave her *the hint*. She has not let it lie idle, and gets on amazingly well in consequence.

Mr. Vandaleur's going so far from London surprises me; for though he always lies by at the *right season*, I never knew him before get so *completely* out of the way of the world. I should like to know his REAL motive for this journey to Ireland. As to his friendship for Lady Florence, that is an understood thing, to be merely a *matter de convenence* on both sides. I don't at all agree with you that his dinners are good: he likes to *afficher* the thing, I know, beyond any man in town; and any one may *toady* him, by praising his cook, *Du Buisson*; who, after

all (as I told him the last day I dined with him) would at Paris be considered as a mere *savant gargotier*. We had an immense *demêlé* about him that day. He sent up (in his menu) "Les fêlets *a la Berri*," for the famous "fêlets de *bellevue*, *a la Pompadour*." Now when my brother went on his first embassy, we happened to have this precise dish, dressed by the son of Mademoiselle de Pompadour's cook; for it was she that invented them for the "petits appartements" at Bellevue: whereas the other was a thing quite *obsolete*, and invented by the famous Duchess of Berry for her father, the Regent, ages before. I have been amazingly unpopular ever since with Mr. Vandaleur....and, indeed, I have more than *once* got myself into scrapes with my English friends, by setting them right on subjects, of which, from the very nature and character of the country, they must be ignorant; for

though, now and then, you will find things pretty fair at some of our best nobility houses, yet upon the whole England is, on this chapter, pretty much where it was in the days of *Louis quatorze*, whose ambassador exclaimed, on his return to Paris :

“ Ah! quel pays etrange...vingt religions, et que deux sauces.”

You used to have a good deal of *savoir* about these things yourself, at least in West India cookery. I remember, when you were travelling with Lord Grandville, you dressed for us at Florence some *pelau*, which poor dear Lord Singleton voted supreme... It was not, however, *strictly West Indian*; but it was a good thing in its way..

You may certainly expect us about the middle of September: Mr. Glentworth says the 18th; I say the *twentieth*. Mr. Dexter has the horses in training every day, under my inspection. We have cured, *between us*, Mr.

Glentworth's favourite mare of a disease, which Thompson, *as usual*, denies she ever had. You know Mr. Glentworth's way of going on for ever with his old servants, and suffering himself to be imposed on by them. I am convinced he is afraid of Thompson. What a quiet, half-alive person the late poor Mrs. Glentworth must have been! Charles is like neither of them: he is a most headstrong boy. His getting a cur-ricule was quite against my consent, for he happens to know just nothing at all about driving, and will take no hints.

Adieu, my dear Bishop... you will say I am *veritable causeuse*, to-day: I am, nevertheless, sincerely your's,

C. SINGLETON.

Sept. 4th.

Ballynogue Castle.

P. S. I proposed to Mr. O'Grady to enrich the soil of the demesne with marle, as we did in Derbyshire: but he

at once declined the experiment. First, because it was not adapted to this soil, and next, because, if it were, there is no marle-pit in the neighbourhood.... How Irish! If I remained here I would carry my point, however, as I should about a road which I wanted to have proposed at the next county meeting. Mr. O'Grady says it is not to be done, unless the bog, across which I want to run it (to meet the new canal we were talking of), was drained. I told him of the artificial banks in Holland and other places, but he is *entêté* beyond every thing. *I must say*, Mr. Glentworth bears him out *in all*, because he is one of his *plain, honest, straight-forward men*; which means, you know, persons who have not the ingenuity to be rogues, if they were ever so inclined. Adieu once more... O! by the bye... throw all your quackeries out of the window, and adopt my prescription, the simple,

single sheet of paper laid on the chest ; my old remedy, which you may remember never failed. I long to see your *Pet Farm*, but if you don't know the merits and property of *fiorin* grass, you know nothing. We shall make hay at Christmas: I only heard of it this day myself, and have not yet mentioned it to Mr. Glentworth or Mr. O'Grady. I am a great stickler for *wooden* shoes, instead of the horrible *brogues* they wear 'here: I got some made, and these miserable people will not be prevailed on to adopt them. In every thing how unlike the peasantry of France and Switzerland—at least what they were."

On the afternoon of the fourteenth of September, Mr. Glentworth, Lady Singleton, and suite, arrived before the palace gates of the Right Rev. the Bishop of —, almost at the same moment that Commodore and Lady Flo-

rence Grandville, Mr. Vandaleur, and Colonel Moclere, were in the act of mounting their horses for a morning ride. While the obsequious prelate stood upon the steps of his episcopal residence, bowing out one party and bowing in the other, his guests exchanged their greetings and salutations, *en passant*, with all the nonchalante recognition, with which people of the world hail people of the world; but somewhat enlivened by exclamations of surprize, at the remoteness of the scene in which they *had* met.

“ Good Heavens, how extraordinary ! I should as soon have expected we should have met in the deserts of Arabia.”

“ Only think of a *particular set* from the neighbourhood of St. James’s finding themselves accidentally re-assembled in the wilds of Ireland.”

"Do you know, Lady Florence, it is quite a *coup du theatre*, a thing for a comedy."

"Or a pantomime;" added the Colonel, "*hi presto popolorum!* and here we are!"

"'Tis quite ridiculous."

The party then separated; the travellers to repose in their apartments, after the fatigue of their journey; the loungers to pursue their morning's amusements; and the Bishop to extend his pastoral care over his *Pet Farm*.

CHAPTER II.

THE party, thus accidentally brought together, were of that class in society vaguely designated under the general term—*people of fashion*: and though no one individual was sufficiently distinguished to be placed at the head of his subdivision, yet were they all so far “fair specimens,” that there could be little difficulty in determining their respective places in the arrangement of notoriety.

Mr. Glentworth alone was a variety, which chance had included in the general classification. He was a rich English commoner, and represented that best and most enlightened order in the population of the country, from which England, in her Augustan days, drew her statesmen, her patriots, and

her heroes; and which still, perhaps, holds her up to the rest of the world, as a nation where political liberty is best understood, and moral probity best depicted. His character firm, but mild; decided, but tranquil; was of an even temperature, remote from all extremes. A certain indolence, interwoven with his constitution, rendered him passive and yielding to the trivial impediments, or the petty concerns of every-day life. He ambitioned no supremacy in *trifles*; in *essentials* he admitted no influence. In these, his actions were invariably the result of his principles, and to them he adhered with a tenacity, which set opposition at defiance, and left even persuasion hopeless. His life had been so prosperous, that, though prompt to relieve distress, he could scarcely be supposed to sympathise with misfortune; and so little had the varieties of human character been exhibited to his observation, that

to their finer shades he was totally insensible, and his discrimination was applied only to their extremes. The villain could not have escaped him; the rascal might have gone on imposing upon him for ever: but the candid and fair, the enlightened and liberal, would at all times have attracted his attention, and challenged his respect.

Lady Singleton had been the object of his first love, when she was young and handsome; but he was *then* a younger brother, and ambition decided against him. This lady, with all the importance, though without the title of an ambassadress, accompanied her brother Lord B. in his successive embassies to the courts of Florence, Vienna, and Paris. Poor, though well-born, her object was to make a brilliant alliance; and while her diplomatic brother was assisting at councils, which were to decide the fate of nations, she was, with no less exertion of political

sagacity, endeavouring to determine the destiny of Lord Viscount Singleton, a rich and highly connected nobleman, devotedly attentive to his health, which he only preserved by living abroad. Lord S. was wholly averse from the state of matrimony, which he at last embraced, merely to rid himself of the importunities of the woman he made his wife. His property was entailed on the male heir, and he died, leaving two daughters, and his widow inadequately provided for. During life, his health had been his only concern, the supporting the family grandeur his only passion; and he died true to the principles in which he lived. Lady Singleton was more than disappointed; she was mortified and indignant. She thought she must have held a paramount influence over her husband, because she believed she had married a *fool*, and she failed perhaps, because she was right in her conjec-

ture. While Lady Singleton was pursuing matrimony and politics abroad, Mr. Glentworth succeeded to twenty thousand per annum, and married at home; and when at the expiration of twenty years, both parties accidentally met, free, emancipated from the respective engagements they had formed in the interim, Lady Singleton again put her political sagacity into motion, and took into consideration the scantiness of her own jointure, and the value of Mr. Glentworth's estates. At that age when she had been alone susceptible of preference, Mr. Glentworth had been its sole object, and interest and inclination alike combined in urging her views on the heart and hand of her quondam lover. Lady Singleton was a fine woman, and a diplomatist; Mr. Glentworth was an English country gentleman, who knew no more of what is called life, than what was to be learned during his annual attendance

on parliament: the odds were of course against him, and he lost his game, even before he suspected he had been drawn in to play it.

A long sessions favoured her Ladyship's political arrangements: she talked of *old times* till old feelings returned with old remembrances; and till the senses and the imagination became the dupe of the memory. Time was not challenged to account for the *thefts* he had committed, while prepossession supplied their loss; and by the day parliament *was up*, Lady Singleton went *down* to Glentworth Hall, as the bride of its excellent master. Dissimilar in every point of character, they yet, by a happy *discordia concors*, went on well together. Her bustle was well opposed to his quietude. Her interference sometimes amused, if it sometimes annoyed him; and her judicious attention to his habits and comforts elicited his patience for her whims,

his indulgence for her follies. An only son was the fruit of his first marriage; by his second he had no issue.

The force of health, and presumption of high spirits, had given to Lady Singleton the *resemblance* of that *energy* which belongs alone to genuine talent. Habits and manners acquired in countries, where *woman* is called upon to take a part in all the interests of society, blended with her own complexional activity, created for her that species of character which the French have aptly termed "*une femme affairée.*" Idle by circumstances, restless by disposition; loving indolence, yet hating quiet; she was officious without being useful, and busy without being occupied. Always struggling for authority, she spoke only to *dictate*, and moved only to meddle; while in her *furor* for influence, she had not the *tact* to discern whether attention or neglect followed her councils, or waited on her

orders. To obvious contradiction, however, she was intemperately alive; and to obsequious flattery weakly susceptible: easy to *dupe*, but difficult to convince, she was sought for by the cunning, and avoided by the *wise*. Gay, dissipated, and amusing, the giddy, the frivolous, and the inconsequente, always found their account in her society; and her foreign connexions, knowledge of the world, and (more than all else) the immense size of her house in town, gave her a distinguished place in the circle of fashion.

One eminent person in a family, generally, not universally, produces a proportionate degree of mediocrity on the succeeding members: and extraordinary clever mothers do not always produce extraordinary clever daughters. Without pausing to seek this effect in its cause, or to produce a second instance to substantiate the position, it is certain that the Honorable Miss Caroline,

and Miss Horatia Singleton, were as vapid and as dull, as their mamma was animated and sagacious. Destitute of common intelligence, overburthened with accomplishments, and old enough to take their parts in society among the corps du ballet of exhibited young ladies, they were still kept in the back ground, on some principle, which maternal wisdom had not chosen to divulge to them; and to this wisdom, which was feared without being respected, they bowed implicitly, submissive, but not resigned.

The Honorable Misses Singleton belonged to a large class of young ladies to be found in almost all societies, and who have for their prototype that intelligent young lady of other times, who wrote to the Spectator to know if "dimple" was spelled with two *p's*. The minds of the Misses Singleton had never elaborated a query more important, nor admitted a doubt more ab-

stracted. No lowly consciousness, however, of their own unimportance disturbed the confidence of their self-sufficiency. Dull and giddy, conceited and flippant, they sneered, winked, and whispered to each other their mutual contempt of all who were excluded from their own little mysteries; of all whom they had been taught to regard as inferior, or to laugh at as quizzical. But the person whom they held in the most thorough contempt was their governess, by whom it must be confessed, though they were sometimes entertained, they were seldom instructed. Passiveness, and seeming inanity, with some other prominent points in her character, favourable to their turn for a sort of *maudlin ridicule*, rendered her the perpetual object of their derision. To their attempts at ridicule, however, this lady, if she felt them, never replied, when *alone* with her pupils in their study; but

when in the presence of others they endeavoured to show off their "pretty wit" at her expence, she had the art, or the artlessness (it was impossible to say which), by some unexpected look or word, to throw them into situations ludicrous beyond their power to extricate themselves; and then they wondered how a *person*, *mamma* called "*bête*," should blunder upon such things, and make them feel so uncomfortable. Still, however, they did not complain, lest they should get somebody in her place, less indulgent, less facile, and (as they expressed it) less quizzical than herself.

This governess, half Irish, half foreign, passing the first fourteen years of her life in Ireland, and the last ten in Italy, was the only person who had ever retained the situation in Lady Singleton's family beyond the first six months: she had now held it nearly

a year, and stood indebted for the circumstance, not to her merits, but her deficiencies.

When Lady Singleton was engaging her, a few weeks after her arrival in England, she observed—that she did not want a governess to *meddle* with the education of her daughters further than as she directed; that she did not particularly desire to bring into her family *une illustre malheureuse*, blessed with fine talents, and *superfine feelings*; nor did she require a governess to *outdress* herself and her daughters, to play the agreeable, and to make *one* in her *societies*. To every clause of these stipulations a most implicit obedience had been observed by the submissive duenna. “In short, Miss O’Halloran,” continued her Ladyship, “my daughters do not now want a governess, so much as a companion; and my object in engaging you, is, that I am told you speak ‘*La lingua Toscana*,

nel bocca Romana. Not that I quite think so myself, for your U is French; however, I know nobody that speaks it better, and therefore I take you; and par consequence, we must have nothing *but Italian*; French always goes on, one does not know how; but observe, we must have none of your *Doric English*; for your brogue is as pure as if you only left Ireland yesterday; as indeed has always been the case with every Irish person I ever met on the Continent."

Miss O'Halloran had not hitherto in any one instance violated this treaty, and the result of her docility and implicit obedience was, that Lady Singleton said she was '*bête*,' and the young ladies believed it.

Though all governesses are interesting, by presumptive right, yet Miss O'Halloran had so wholly neglected her privilege, that Lady Singleton and her daughters had as little to fear from

her attractions, as to expect from her resistance: she had, however, a youthfulness of appearance, which is sometimes deemed beauty in itself; but this juvenile air was counteracted by an inertness and indolence of motion, which is deemed peculiar to senility. The abruptness of her manner, might perhaps, under the influence of prepossession, have passed for naïveté, had it not always been followed by a certain vacancy of countenance, which changed the promised charm into an actual defect; while her smiles, which were '*few, and far between,*' alone threw a ray of intelligence over her features, and seemed to struggle with their own acuteness, lest they should shame the stupor of her vacant eye. Either from a sense of her situation, the most arduous of all others, or from natural gravity, her conduct was distinguished by a reserve almost amounting to sullenness; and yet she had the habit of bursting

into an abrupt laugh whenever circumstances called upon her risible faculties; this she did, '*not wisely, but too well,*' for her laugh, though always *ill-timed*, was ever *well directed*. Lady Singleton had in vain contended against this obedience to a natural impulse; but as *nature* was still more powerful even than her Ladyship, and as this was evidently a fault beyond the reach of art, Lady Singleton contented herself by telling every one who witnessed the incorrigible propensity that the girl was *rieuse par constitution*; but as she had no other fault to find with her, she thought it a pity to part with her for that. For the rest, Miss O'Halloran was a mere dead letter in the splendid volume of society with which she was accidentally bound up; and she has only obtained her place in this *catalogue raisonné*, from the accident of her association.

Commodore the Honorable Augus-

tas Grandville, was a brave, thoughtless, good-natured, sea-officer, destitute of domestic feelings, and consequently averse from domestic habits; admiring his wife as a fine woman (for which reason he had married her), and confiding in her as a heartless one. He knew her *cold*, and believed her prudent: he loved his only son passionately, because he had nothing else to love; and being almost always on service, he considered his ship as his home; and on shore, felt himself only a visitor.

Lady Florence Grandville was a woman of fashion by *etat*, an observer of *the decencies* by profession, and a coquette by every charter, right, and privilege, with which nature, circumstances, and education could endow her: like the glowworm, shining without heat, at once vain and insensible, she was not to be misled by fancy, nor committed by passion: a wife and a mother,

she was attentive, without being affectionate, and only gave to her family what the superfluities of self-gratification could spare from their own abundance. With some reputation for being brilliant, or at least attractive in conversation, she had in fact but just sufficient intelligence, to lead her to the means by which her own views could be best effected; and she had early discovered the secret of purchasing, by well-directed bribes to the vanity of others, that distinction indispensably necessary to her own. The men, who followed her, were unconscious of the lure which led them, and knew not that they were less drawn on by the admiration they felt for her, than by the self-love flattered in themselves.

A French philosopher, in a metaphysical work (and a *French philosopher* only would think of mingling love with metaphysics), has declared a *platonic*

love to be the only love for a rich *desœuvré*; and a coquette the only mistress—" Et pour ce dernier, un coquette est *une maitresse delicieuse*," he observes.* Tried by this rule, Lady Florence Grandville was the person in the world to be the *platonie friend* of Mr. Vandaleur: such in fact she was, to the letter of the word.

Mr. Vandaleur was English by birth and education, Dutch by descent, dull by nature, rich by inheritance, and gallant by assumption. Labouring under the embarrassment of his opulence, which no extravagance of youth or of passion had decreased, he sought to extricate himself from his difficulties by a boundless indulgence in his

* La plus forte passion de la coquetterie est d'être adoré, que faire a cette effet, toujours irriter les passions des hommes, sans jamais les satisfaire.

dominant propensity. *Gourmand* by habit, he became by principle,

“ *Un veritable Amphitryon :**”

and the *science* of his dinners obtained him a notoriety in London, where such science, though not promoted to the dignity of a *professorship*, boasts disciples as numerous and distinguished as any in the range of human acquirement. It also obtained for him the notice of Lady Florence Grandville, whose *bon-ton* gave the finish to his rising fashion; and who admitted him into the legion of her “ *thousand and one*” friends, on the merits of his “ *cotelettes* and *filets*.” Time, habit, and an unsuccessful winter’s campaign, favoured his promotion : from being un “ *amant de parade*,” he became a *friend by profession*. Thus associated

* *Le veritable Amphitryon*
Et l’Amphitryon ou l’on dine.

MOLIERE.

by idleness and vanity, whoever could have given occupation to the one, or sensibility to the other, would have destroyed all grounds of connexion in both for ever. Meantime, Lady Florence afforded him her attention, without according him her preference; and he continued to follow in a kind of blind but tranquil devotion, which passion had never disturbed, nor love exalted; at once, the most obsequious and most indifferent of men.

The Honorable Colonel Percy Moclere was a *young man upon town*, whom every body knew. To give some little distinction to a character which naturally had none, he affected to profess in perfection that subordinate and innocent, but tiresome branch of ridicule, called quizzing; and as some excellence in that art can be worked out of the smallest possible quantity of ideas, which can go to the *formation of* a human mind, there was no insuperable bar to the success of his attempts.

Such was the party which a six o'clock dinner-bell summoned, and reunited at the well-furnished table of the Bishop.

The soups and fish were scarcely removed, and something like conversation was beginning to circulate, by Lady Singleton's attacking Mr. Vandaleur on the subject of his cook's want of science in the important articles of *filets*, when one of Mr. Glentworth's servants approached her Ladyship, and delivered her some message, in a low voice. "O, very well," she replied: "Edwards, go and see if you can be of any assistance to Mr. Dexter: tell him dinner has been served some time:" then, turning to the Bishop, she added, "O, my dear Bishop, I entirely forgot to mention that our friend Mr. Dexter accompanies us, and that I must beg you will extend your hospitality to him."

The Bishop returned a *neat and ap-*

propriate speech, expressive of the pleasure he must feel in receiving any friend of her Ladyship's; and Lady Singleton continued, interrupting something that Mr. Glentworth *intended* to say:

“ I can assure you, Bishop, you will like Mr. Dexter of all things: he is an extremely sensible and obliging person, of the right way of thinking, and plays all sorts of games. He offered to accompany us as far as Donaghadee, merely to be of use to us on the road; for he says 'tis impossible for strangers to guard against imposition on Irish roads, except one has been long resident in the country, which is his case; and he knows exactly how to deal with them. He is our purse-bearer; but, farther than that, I am pretty equal myself to all the exigencies of a journey in any country.”

Mr. Glentworth smiled, and said: “ I am sure, my dear, I wish that in

the present instance you had extended your confidence in your own abilities, and not have taken advantage of Mr. Dexter's civil and accommodating disposition. I protested from the first starting of the project against bringing a man such a distance, merely to be of use to us, when it must undoubtedly be of great inconvenience to himself."

"O! but then, my dear Mr. Glentworth, you know you oppose every scheme in the first blush of its proposal."

"But where has this gallant convoy been detained," asked Lady Florence, "that he has suffered his charge to come on without his protection?"

"Why," said Lady Singleton, "he was so obliging as to ride back to the last stage, for a very valuable paper which I left behind me, in my *ridicule*; a draught of the plan and elevation of an aqueduct for Ballynogue, and a

drawing of my *Lancasterian* school-houses."

"Does this Mr. Dexter live in the world?" asked Lady Florence.

Before the question could be answered, the subject of the conversation entered, with an air more of effrontery than of ease. He was a spruce, smart, dapper person, and received the Bishop's welcome with a jerking bow, as obsequious as it was inelegant.

"Here, Mr. Dexter," cried Lady Singleton, "here is a seat, between Lady Florence Grandville and me."

Mr. Dextersmirked, and smiled, and wriggled to his chair; then rose, and bowed profoundly, as he received the honour of presentation to his noble and distinguished neighbour; and while his soup was preparing at the side-board, he presented Lady Singleton's ridicule, observing, in an affected tone of voice:

"I have had the good fortune to re-

cover your Ladyship's valuable—or indeed I should say, *invaluable*, drawings; not, however, till I had recourse to some little artifice, when threats failed; for after all, you must ever meet the lower Irish with their own cunning. I know them well; and I am sure your La'ship would be much amused, if you knew the little stratagem I had recourse to."

"Politique aux choux et aux raves, Eh! Mr. Dexter?" said Lady Singleton, laughing.

"Critically, Lady Singleton," said Mr. Dexter, with the air of one who really understood what she said.

"Well, but do let us hear, Mr. Dexter: I should like amazingly to know what use they *could* make of such drawings."

"That is exactly what I said, Ma'am, to the innkeeper; and to tell the truth, the moment I saw the sign of St. Patrick over his door, I—but

oh! Lady Singleton, such an affecting sight as I beheld since!!—the state of this country is too deplorable. A poor old woman, scarcely able to crawl!—such a venerable countenance too! seated weeping on the side of a ditch. I alighted, and inquired into the cause of her affliction, offering to carry her behind me to the next village. Poor soul! her little story was short and sad. She had been stopped, and ill-treated, and robbed, by a *rebel*.”*

“A *rebel*!” repeated the Bishop: “God bless me!”

“Yes, my Lord, a *rebel*. The wretch took from her her little tobacco, and her *poor* snuff-box; what further he would have done, I will not presume to say, but that I appeared in view.

*. In some of the Dublin prints, this is a general epithet for all sorts of criminals. A few days previous to the writing of this note, it appeared in a morning paper, that a REBEL had fired at a soldier; but happily the *rebel* missed his aim.

Government, it must be owned, are *obstinately* lenient, and strangely blind to the internal state of this unhappy country. The lower orders are ripe at this moment for rebellion; and even the public roads are unsafe, except one goes in a kind of caravan, as I may say."

"Well, I must confess," observed Mr. Glentworth, "that I do not agree with you, Mr. Dexter, in this instance. The common people, about and on my estate, seem thinking of any thing, poor people, but rebellion; and as for the roads we have lately passed through, I think I would ride back alone, as far as we have come, without the smallest apprehension."

"I can very well understand, Mr. Glentworth, that you *do* not, and indeed *ought* not, to agree with me on this subject; for you must, and ought, naturally to judge of the rest of the country by your own flourishing estate, and your town of Ballynogue. (for I may well

call it *your's*), where, by your extraordinary liberality and benevolence to your tenants, and the unexampled activity and spirit of reform which my Lady Singleton has ————”

“ May, we must cry for quarter, Mr. Dexter,” interrupted Mr. Glentworth, laughing.

“ I believe, however,” said the Bishop, “ Mr. Dexter is quite right, generally speaking, with respect to the real state of this country : for a clergyman in my diocese gives pretty much the same account ; and he has some right to know, for he acts in his district and parish in the three capacities, civil, military, and clerical.”

“ My Lord, I am highly flattered by your Lordship's condescension in agreeing with me upon any subject : and after all, who better than your Lordship should know the real state of things in this unfortunate country ; particularly that part of it in which

your Lordship holds so distinguished and so sacred a situation? But I must be permitted to say, Mr. Glentworth, that all great English landholders have not your confidence on first coming to this country: indeed, so much the contrary, that a young gentleman, a friend of mine, who has an immensely fine estate in Leinster, and who for the first time came from England to visit it last summer, had the precaution to apply in Dublin for a guard of soldiers to protect him on the journey. Strange, however, to say, he was refused, and he had then recourse to a simpler means of protection: he engaged a celebrated piper, and made him play the whole way before him on the Dicky-box,* wishing to try concilia-

* This anecdote, too absurd for fiction to venture, I have on the authority of some persons of distinction, who were in the neighbourhood of this "conciliatory gentleman's" estate,

tion, and being well aware that the lower Irish are addicted to music, and that sort of idle things—and ———”

Here Mr. Dexter was interrupted by Miss O'Halloran's bursting into a violent fit of laughter, in which she was joined by every one at table, except Lady Singleton; for Mr. Dexter, not to be discountenanced by any event, joined the laughs himself, until, observing the displeasure of Lady Singleton's countenance, he abruptly composed his own, and with great gravity asked her to take wine.

Lady Singleton threw a look at her governess, and murmured “bête!” while Mr. Glentworth endeavoured to give another turn to the conversation; and Mr. Dexter addressed himself to Lady Florence, who, though she affected to give him a flattering and un-

when he arrived with his piper. The event is recent, and the gentleman a native of this country.

divided attention, threw a sly glance of quizzing intelligence at the Colonel, who was only waiting for his moment.

Meantime Mr. Vandaleur had stood up to dress his salad at the sideboard, calling for trenchers and wooden spoons, and accusing the Bishop of being *not orthodox*, because he profaned his *enclave* and *cos* with china and plate.

When the ladies withdrew, Mr. Dexter and the Bishop again renewed the subject of Irish affairs; for the Bishop was a timid man, and Mr. Dexter soon discovered that he was so. As far as Mr. Dexter stood himself related, or in any way connected with Ireland, it is sufficient to say, that he *lived* by the country he *reviled*, like the wild and noxious weed that preys on the stately ruin out of which it draws its existence.

The gentlemen broke up early: the Commodore accompanied Mr. Dexter to the stable, he having told Mr. Glent-

worth that he would just take a peep at his favourite mare before she was done up for the night. The rest of the gentlemen proceeded to the drawing-room.

"I wonder who this quiz of a person is," said the Colonel, addressing Mr. Vandaleur, "that Lady Singleton has picked up?"

"I don't know at all," yawned Mr. Vandaleur; "but I rather patronize any one who makes the *frais* of conversation after dinner, and saves one the trouble of talking. I have a system, that silence aids digestion."

"Pray, Mr. Glentworth," said the Bishop, "is Mr. Dexter an Irishman?"

"I have not the least idea, Bishop. Lady Singleton can tell you more of him than I can: my acquaintance with him was quite accidental. Riding into Ballynogue one day, my whip broke in the market-place: a gentleman per-

ceiving it, stepped up, offered me his, and insisted on taking mine to mend. The next day he called at the Castle with it. We asked him to dinner, and—here he is. Lady S. has found him extremely useful, and goodnatured. He has kept our table in game, and been very attentive to a mare of mine, whom he cured of a vice, which, indeed, I never suspected she had, till Mr. Dexter found it out. I understand he is a man of small but independent fortune, and has accepted an appointment in the revenue, in our district, merely to have something to do.”

“Upon my word,” said the Bishop, “he appears to me to be a very sensible, intelligent young man, and of a very right way of thinking.”

“Indeed I believe he is,” returned Mr. Glentworth, smiling; “and I have but one fault to find with him. He makes his responses so loud at

our little church at Ballynogue, that he puts out the clerk, and disturbs the whole congregation."

The gentlemen had now reached the drawing-room, and coffee was served. Shortly after the bell rung for evening prayers ; but no one followed his Lordship to the chapel except Mr. Dexter, and (by Lady Singleton's desire) the Misses Singleton and their governess.

CHAPTER III.

Not many years back, the few English persons of rank or consideration who visited Ireland came only on the imperious call of business; and probably considered their journey as a mere pilgrimage of necessity to the shrine of interest. Ireland, once interesting for her struggles and her sufferings, and distinguished by a fatal pre-eminence in the enormities of which it was the scene, had sunk within the limits of little more than half a century under the sullen torpor of unresisted oppression, of unrefuted obloquy. Silence and oblivion hung upon her destiny,*

* Those historians who have brought the history of Great Britain down to the present reign,

and in the memory of other nations she seemed to hold no place. But the first bolt which was knocked off her chain roused her from paralysis, and as link fell after link, her faculties strengthened, her powers revived: she gradually rose upon the political horizon of Europe, like her own star brightening in the west, and lifting its light above the fogs, vapours, and clouds, which obscured its lustre. The traveller now "beheld her from afar," and her shores, once so devoutly pressed by the learned, the pious, and the brave, again ex-

have, in fact, given no history of Irish affairs during the period which occurred from the Revolution to the death of George II. and it is a melancholy fact, that, from the enactment of the *Penal Laws* till the first dawning prospect of their repeal, the "bulk of the people not only ceased to improve, but retrograded; they contracted habits of inertness for want of object to act, and lived or died as water-cresses and wild-roots were plentiful or scarce."

hibited the welcome track of the stranger's foot. The natural beauties of the land were again explored and discovered, and taste and science found the reward of their enterprize and labours in a country long depicted as savage, because it had long been exposed to desolation and neglect.

When the English travellers, who were now thus assembled, had been induced to visit Ireland by the necessity of their various and respective interests, they had taken pleasure into the account, no further than as it is implied in change of place. A trifling event, however, awakened curiosity, and gave birth to the unforeseen intention of visiting a spot still more celebrated than known, and of varying a journey of obligation by the episode of a party of mere amusement.

The Bishop had prevailed on his friends to remain at the palace a day or two longer than they had originally

intended. On the evening of the second day, as the whole party stood taking their coffee round the drawing-room fire, with the exception of the young ladies and their governess, Lady Singleton exclaimed :—

“ Oh, apropos to nothing at all, Lady Florence, do you mean to visit the Giant's Causeway before you leave Ireland?”

“ I have never thought of it at all,” said Lady Florence, “ further than that I know there is such a thing to be seen in this part of the world.”

“ Miss O'Halloran,” continued Lady Singleton, “ who is always poking her head where no one else would ever think of going, got into a sort of old diocesan library, somewhere adjoining the palace. Is there not such a place, Bishop?”

“ There is a sad old ruin, with a few books in it,” returned the Bishop, “ which was a diocesan library.”

“ Well; there she found some extravagant description of the Giant's Causeway, and as she takes every thing *au pied de la lettre*, she has talked so much of its wonders to the girls (albeit unused to the talking mood), that they have been reading it to me while I dressed, and they are not a little amused at her believing such stuff.* what is still more odd, she has told them a parcel of Irish stories, which account for the Causeway, by suppos-

* The first account published of the Giant's Causeway, towards the end of the seventeenth century, is extremely wild and improbable, and was most probably the tract in question.

One of the old names of the Giant's Causeway was, *Hinguthan*, the Giant's Cape: *Fin-mac-Cumhal*, the hero of Irish fable, was supposed (and is still supposed by the country people) to have been the architect of this stupendous edifice; as the Basaltar region of Iceland are attributed by the natives to their Giants—“ the Sons of Frost,” of the Edda.

ing it the work of giants, especially of one Fin-ma-cool; I think she calls him. However, poor Miss O'Halloran's nonsense apart, one thing is pretty plain, that the person who has written on the subject, and it is an amazingly old tract, knows nothing about it; and that he has never seen Mount Etna nor Mount Vesuvius, nor in the least understands the nature of those kind of things—of which I happen to know a little."

"Suppose, my dear," said Mr. Glentworth, dryly, "that you were to visit it yourself; you might, perhaps, give us some new theory of the phenomenon."

"I am sure there is no reason why we should not visit it," said Lady Singleton: "we are not pressed for time. What do you say, Lady Florence; shall we make a party?"

Lady Florence, who was flirting in an under-voice with Colonel Moclere,

came eagerly forward at this proposal; for one more perfectly accordant to her wishes could not, under existing circumstances, be made. In the first instance she loved parties of pleasure, as all persons of fashion do; in the second she considered that all time passed in Ireland would go into the account of her conjugal duty, and that all time stolen from the solitudes of Lough Swilly was so much rescued from tedium and ennui. Her Ladyship, therefore, seconded the motion with great warmth; and the question being generally put, was carried without a dissentient voice; the Commodore closing the agreement, by asking them all to proceed from the Giant's Causeway to Lough Swilly, where, he said, he had rooms enough to lodge them, and ship beef and sea biscuits sufficient to victual a regiment during a month's siege: he was, however, himself obliged to return to his station on

the following day. Lady Florence having pressed his invitation more decidedly, the whole scheme was concluded upon with all the promptitude and facility peculiar to persons who have nothing to do but to seek amusement, and no way of obtaining it but by change of sensation and novelty of pursuit.

Every one was gratified by a scheme, of which, the moment before it was formally proposed, nobody had dreamed.

Mr. Glentworth, who trifled occasionally with natural science, felt a laudable curiosity, and anticipated satisfaction in visiting one of the most magnificent phenomena in the natural world. The Colonel gave his voice to the question, with an intelligent look at Lady Florence. Mr. Vandaleur inquired what fish the coast was famous for; and Mr. Dexter rubbed his hands, smirked, wriggled, and talked to the

Commodore of Lord Nelson, the wooden walls of old England, and the many snug situations which a man, who had interest, might obtain in the Admiralty. But Lady Singleton, above any other individual, was placed in her own sphere by this arrangement: she objected to every plan proposed, to every hint suggested relative to their plans of progress. Her experience as a traveller gave her some undisputed importance on the occasion, and her decided tone of dictation set all opposition to her will at defiance. The Bishop's little study was ransacked for maps, gazetteers, and geographical grammars, and she at once decided on making a circuitous tour by the coast, because somebody else had proposed making the journey shorter by avoiding it. As it was Lady Florence and Mr. Dexter's interest to prolong the journey, they warmly agreed with Lady Singleton; and as it was a matter of in-

difference to every one else, she carried her point without dissention.

"But where is Miss O'Halloran and the girls?" asked Mr. Glentworth: "they must be called into our councils, since they have been the origin of our——"

"Nonsense!" said Lady Singleton: "you know, Mr. Glentworth, I don't want the girls to come forward in any possible way; and as for poor Miss O'Halloran, the idea of making her a party is rather too ridiculous."

"O, by the bye," said Lady Florence, "do you know, I think she is an amazing odd person, Lady Singleton—I do indeed; she looks so strange, and her laugh yesterday—together, I never saw any thing so *outré* in my life."

"So she is," said the Colonel; "a regular *genius* I dare say—eh, Lady Singleton?"

"A *genius*!" said Lady Singleton.

"No, thank heaven, she is not quite so bad as that: on the contrary, she is *tant soit peu niaise*, for I know not of any English term which would express the sort of foolish stupidity she at times exhibits."

"Exactly," observed Mr. Dexter, emphatically.

"What is very extraordinary, however," continued Lady Singleton, "her *Italian* is extremely pure, and indeed it is the only language she can speak, and the only thing for which I engaged her. Her father was an odd kind of genius; an Irish artist, settled at Florence.—He died in great distress there, and this girl was taken by Lady Hewson as a governess. Sir Harry was then Envoy at Florence. Now, you know, poor dear Lady Hewson is come from the *menu peuple*, and is upon the whole the vulgarest fine lady; so her recommendation did not go for much. The girl was a mere

buffa in the family, and, I believe, kept more for the amusement than for the instruction of their affected daughter, who is a complete *petite maitresse*, and a most tiresome little creature, with her *accomplishments*, trading upon one song, and making '*impromptus a loisir*.' Well, Miss Corinna Hewson married, you know, last spring, and the *buffa*, with her *Lingua Toscana*, fell to my share. She has some relations in Dublin, whom we allowed her to visit when we were at Ballynogue Castle, and she came back with a worse brogue than ever."

"Precisely," said Mr. Dexter.

"O! then," cried the Colonel, "I beseech you, my dear Lady Singleton, let us have a little of her brogue and her *buffa*: only conceive, Lady Florence, what a melange. I certainly must make a better acquaintance with this *Signora* Katty Flanagan."

"Well," returned Lady Singleton,

“ don't carry the thing too far, and amuse yourself if you will. If you can get her on the chapter of the Irish Giants, you'll find her amusing enough, at least the girls say so ; but she never ventures to *shew off* before me.”

During this conversation, the ladies, the Colonel, and Mr. Dexter, formed a little coterie, apart; and while they were still talking, tea, the young ladies, and their governess, all made their appearance together. The Colonel, with his glass at his eye, followed Miss O'Halloran's lounging motions as she proceeded up the room to the tea-table, where she took her seat *ex-officio*: the Colonel repeating as he watched her, to Lady Florence:—

“ Monstrous *outrée*! one sometimes sees very good arrangements in that line: I dare say she is an *authoress*, writes ‘*Lectures on various subjects for young Ladies*,’ illustrates the bible *alphabetically*, with the addition of

wood-cuts, abridges Buffon ; and explains '*Mann's catechism*.'

"Come and talk to her," said Lady Florence : and they proceeded towards the tea-table, where the Misses Singleton stood linked arm in arm,

"Like to a double cherry seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,"

whispering and smiling at the *gaucherie* of their governess, and throwing their eyes from the Colonel to Mr. Dexter, and from Mr. Dexter to the Colonel.

"O, Miss O'Halloran," said Lady Florence, "Lady Singleton has been doing the honours by your descriptive powers : she has set us all longing to hear your account of the *Giant's Causeway*."

"I beseech you, Miss O'Halloran," added the Colonel, (bringing his glass close to her face) "I beseech you to indulge our longings ; '*let us not burst in ignorance*.'"

"Come, Miss O'Halloran," said Lady Singleton, dictatorially, "you may once in a way *faire l'agréable*."

"Miss O'Halloran will be *too* happy to obey your Ladyship, I am sure," said Mr. Dexter. "Courage, Miss O'Halloran; there are none by but friends."

"Or if," continued the Colonel, "the *Muse* of Erin be unpropitious to our vows, would Miss O'Halloran but invoke the *Muse of the Arno* in our favour, and we would give up Fin-ma-cool willingly for 'La Virgenella,' or 'the Nina.' By the bye, Miss O'Halloran's countenance is finely adapted for the '*Nina Pazzo per amore*;' I have not a doubt but she would rival Lady Hamilton in it. Miss O'Halloran's air has something naturally *égaré*—that loose simple dress too, and that downcast eye."

Miss O'Halloran, who, during the whole of this attack, had gone on

quietly rinsing the cups, and arranging the tea-table, now suddenly raised her head, and opened two large eyes on the Colonel with a look of such stupid amazement, that he involuntarily started back, and a general laugh at his expense disturbed, for the moment at least, the vein of his humour.

“ So,” said Lady Singleton, vexed that any command of her’s should be disobeyed, militate as it might against all former and general orders—“ so, the old proverbs are always right:

“ *Les grands talents se font prier.*”

“ Critically,” returned Mr. Dexter, who always translated her Ladyship’s French by the context of her looks.

“ We have had quite enough, however, of *this nonsense*,” continued Lady Singleton. “ Pray get on with the tea, Miss O’Halloran. Come, Mr. Dexter, bring me that spider-table, and those maps. Very well—now cut

this pencil—and some letter-paper, if you please. Bishop, I beg a book of the roads. And now observe, good people, I am *prima donna* upon this occasion, or I am nothing. Either you give up the arrangement of the whole tour to me, or *Je m'en tiens quitte de tout*—I cut dead.”

It was agreed *nem con*, that her Ladyship should have all the superintendence of the journey, while the rest should enjoy all the pleasure it afforded. Mr. Glentworth alone smiled; and remained silent. The governess retired as soon as her office was over, and the young ladies took their station at the back of their *mamma's* chair, looking over her shoulder as she pursued her *route* upon paper, while Mr. Dexter stood obsequiously cutting her pencils, and occasionally making comical faces for the young ladies (who thought him the most amusing person in the world); but always drawing up his features into

looks of profound gravity, whenever Lady Singleton raised her eyes.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Glentworth, "that poor Miss O'Halloran's feelings have been rather put to the test this evening; for without being particularly sensitive, or quick sighted, she must have perceived that you were all quizzing her unmercifully."

"Nonsense!" said Lady Singleton: "I like the idea of *her* being sensitive. Mr. Dexter, look out in the *Gazetteer* for *Glenarm*."

"I don't at all think," said the Colonel, "that she took my little galantries amiss."

"Here it is, Lady Singleton—*Glenarm*. On the contrary, Colonel, she could not fail to be very much flattered by your notice. And indeed, from the little I know of her, I think I can assert that she was so," added Mr. Dexter, authoritatively, knitting his brows and nodding his head to give emphasis to his assertion.

" I would not hurt her feelings for a thousand worlds," said Lady Florence ; " but she strikes me to be rather sullen than sensitive."

" Exactly, Lady Florence," returned Mr. Dexter ; " that is what I say : but she is a most fortunate young woman to be where she is : and that she should refuse to obey any command imposed by Lady Singleton is a little strange."

" Yes," said Lady Singleton, " I think it is *rather good*, my Governess refusing to do what I ask her."

" Nay, my dear," said Mr. Glentworth, " she did *not refuse* ; but the fact is, request followed request so rapidly, that she had not time allowed her to comply or to refuse. Observe, she was called on in a breath, for an exhibition of her descriptive powers, and for a scene from the comic and serious opera."

" Certainly, Mr. Glentworth," said Mr. Dexter, " what you say is perfectly just. She *had not* time to com-

ply or to refuse ; but, as her La'ship observes, she ought not to have refused implicit obedience to her La'ship's commands."

" Now, Mr. Dexter," said Lady Florence, throwing a rallying glance at the Colonel, " do you pretend to say that *you* would not refuse to obey any order Lady Singleton should impose, however irksome it might be?"

" I beg your Ladyship's pardon ; but I must premise, that no order of my Lady Singleton's could possibly appear irksome to me. But granting it were so, my obedience would be equally prompt : nor indeed, should your Ladyship condescend to impose a command, would you find me slow to execute it."

" Then I have one ready for you, Mr. Dexter. Here is a broken *bonbonniere*. Do ride over to the next town, and get it mended for me."

“ Lady Florence, I will have the honour of mending it myself. I have a pretty little mechanical turn: it is just in my way. Besides, getting such a thing done in an Irish country town—ha, ha, ha! I cannot refrain from laughing. But you would not get such a neat little job done in any town in Ireland, except indeed Mr. Glentworth’s town of Ballynogue; for I may call it his, since his extraordinary liberality and benevolence to his tenants, and the unexampled activity and spirit of my Lady Singleton ——”

“ But I must have it immediately, Mr. Dexter—I must indeed. You know I am dying of a cold, and only live from *lozenge to lozenge*.”

“ If these are your Ladyship’s *dying* looks, what —— but you may depend upon my zeal and dispatch; for when engaged in the service of the ladies, as the Poet says ——”

"Which of the poets?" interrupted the Colonel: "Major, or Minor, Mr. Dexter."

"Which of the poets? Ha, ha, ha! very good, Colonel, very good. I hope, Lady Florence, you like poetry; and, above all, that you admire the celebrated *Shakespear*, a charming writer. That sweet little passage you may remember: hem—it begins so:

"She sat like Patience on a ——"

"Mr. Dexter," cried Lady Singleton, "do lay a chess-board for the Bishop and Mr. Glentworth. My dear Mr. Glentworth, had you not better attack the Bishop at something? I cannot imagine how people can go on for ever, lounging about. I think, young ladies, you may as well wish us good night."

Mr. Dexter, and the young ladies, equally obedient, complied with their respective orders. The Bishop and

Mr. Glentworth took their seats at the chess-board, at which they were old competitors. Mr. Vandaleur, who had been slumbering on a sofa for a good digestion, was challenged to *vingt-uh* by the Commodore, who had returned from answering some official dispatches: and while Mr. Dexter sat by Lady Singleton, cutting pencils, pointing compasses, and displaying maps, the Colonel and Lady Florence took possession of a couch, and amused themselves by quizzing the whole party.

Devoid alike of that perception which rapidly develops the peculiarities of character, as of that humour which aptly exhibits them, their remarks went no further than the surface of *manner*; and their ridicule, lighting only on some little peculiarity or folly, differing from their own, without being inferior to it, was as destitute of the wit, which lends its excuse to sarcasm, as of the playfulness which deprives it of its

sting. It was indeed like other similar attempts so often passed off in society for legitimate ridicule—most “maudlin gaiety,” most flippant dulness.

CHAPTER IV.

THE necessary arrangements for the tour to the Giant's Causeway, and from thence to the Commodore's residence on the shores of Lough Swilly, were at last finally made, under the sole superintendence of Lady Singleton. Mr. Gentworth, Mr. Vandaleur, and the Colonel, travelled with their own horses. No servants were taken but such as were indispensably necessary; and on the fourth day from the arrival of the travellers at the Bishop's gates they took their departure.

Lady Singleton's travelling barouche was occupied by herself, her daughters, their governess, and Mr. Dexter; the Colonel drove Lady Florence in his curricule; and Mr. Vandaleur was ac-

accompanied by his valet de chambre in his own chaise. Mr. Glentworth rode his favourite mare; the ladies' maids took possession of the dicky-boxes; and two outriders brought up the cavalcade. Before they started, however, Mr. Dexter stood up, to observe to the party in general that he was ready to ride when Mr. Glentworth was tired of his horse—to drive when the Colonel was weary of the whip—to resign his seat to Mr. Vandaleur or Lady Florence, when either should prefer the barouche to the curricule or the chaise.

The cavalcade was then put in motion; the Bishop, mounted on a little ambling nag, accompanied his guests to the gate of his favourite farm, with compliments, and regrets, and acknowledgments for the honour they had done him: he then made his bow, and left them to pursue their journey.

“Pray, Lady Singleton,” said Mr.

Dexter, "may I beg to know how my Lord Bishop came to be raised to the dignity of the *mitre*, for I understand he was very lately nothing more than a private tutor?"

"How do you mean?" asked Lady Singleton.

"Why certainly your Ladyship is quite right in asking how I mean; for of course his Lordship obtained his present dignity by his eminent talents and great piety. He is indeed a most learned and pious divine, and I dare say a very good preacher."

"Yes," said Lady Singleton, "*petit Bourdaloue a la table*, if you will, for he understands those sort of things à *merveille*; but he preaches like other people, I believe, prosey enough; and, as for his learning, I have heard Lady Llanberis *prône* him; but he is not known out of the families where he has lived: they, however, were persons of high influence, and he

could not fail to be made a bishop."

"Could not fail to be made a bishop!" repeated Mr. Dexter, emphatically.

"Very true, indeed; still it was great kindness in his noble patrons to——"

"Not a bit of it," interrupted Lady Singleton. "It is a thing understood in great families: it makes a part of the *attelage* of household dignities. Had my Lord Singleton been blessed with a son and heir, I should have been amazingly annoyed if his tutor had not been made a bishop. However, I got our steward into the Treasury; and my brother has pushed him up pretty high."

"Your brother has pushed him up, Lady Singleton; — in the Treasury! And may I ask your Ladyship what qualifications are requisite to fill a place in the Treasury? Supposing a man had the good fortune to——"

Here Mr. Glentworth rode up to the

carriage, and interrupted the conversation by his remarks to Lady Singleton on the uncommon beauty of the weather, and the scenery through which they were passing; and though Mr. Dexter made several attempts, he could find no opportunity of renewing his inquiries relative to the Treasury, and the talents which would qualify a man to become a candidate for one of its official departments.

As far as the romantic and beautifully situated little town of Larne the travellers had proceeded without impediment, and with some degree of pleasure and amusement. Air and exercise promoted health and spirits; and the fineness of the weather, and the excellence of the accommodation, hitherto kept all in good temper, and got the start of expectation. Lady Singleton had, however, something to blame or to rectify every step she took. At Belfast, where they remained a day,

she proved, as she stood on the bridge, that it should have been erected upon twenty arches instead of twenty-one; and endeavoured to convince a civil engineer, whom she accidentally met, that the canal which connects the harbour with Lough Neagh was formed against every principle and system of inland navigation.

At Carrickfergus, where they were shown the spot on which King William landed, she discovered he had chosen the very worst place on the coast; and returned to lecture the inn-keeper severely for the state of decay, in which she found the fortifications.

"It is not the fault of the town-folks, your Ladyship," returned the man: "they have nothing to do with it. There is a governor appointed by Government, and with a good salary I warrant, my Lady."

"And with a good salary!" repeated Mr. Dexter, knitting his brows.

"Then," said Lady Singleton, "I shall have the thing inquired into. This is the way Government is always duped."

"Unquestionably," added Mr. Dexter. "I dare say it is a pretty lucrative post, Lady Singleton—Governor of Carrickfergus. And if a man has interest——"

"The fact is," interrupted Lady Singleton, "this wretched country is wretched, merely because nobody thinks it worth their while to interfere and make things better."

"Critically," echoed Mr. Dexter.

In their approach to the town of Larne, the beauty of its situation attracted universal admiration. Its little bay, penetrating through a rocky entrance, and taking, in its sweep, the village of Glynn, the limestone quarries which skirt its coast, and the ruins of Olderfleet Castle, mouldering on the little peninsula of Curran, presented

objects of great picturesque beauty. Miss O'Halloran, for the first time venturing at an observation, remarked to Lady Singleton, that the peninsula of Curran resembled the Sicilian Dripanon; which produced a decided dissent from her Ladyship. This Mr. Dexter followed up by—

“Undoubtedly, Ma'am. It is totally impossible that an *Irish* scene could resemble any thing in Italy: the comparison is really quite comical.”

“Were you ever in Italy, Sir?” drawled out Miss O'Halloran.

“No, Miss O'Halloran, not absolutely in Italy, though I have been abroad; but I think I know it as well from her Ladyship's description, as if I had lived there all my life.”

The town of Larne once passed, a new region seemed to present itself. The roads became less practicable, the scene more wild. The great and stu-

pendous features which characterise the coast of Antrim, now gradually developed themselves, in all their rudest grandeur. Promontories, bold and grotesque; bays deeply insulating the mountainous shores; rocks fantastically grouped, were the objects forming the picturesque. Lady Singleton held her *carte du voyage* in her hand. Glenarm was the next stage she had laid down, after Larne, and there she had decreed they were to dine and sleep. An *avant-courier* was therefore dispatched, to make necessary preparations, the improbabilities of accommodation for so large a party not being taken into the account of her Ladyship's calculations. The steepness and impracticability of the roads already began to undermine her patience, if they did not decrease her confidence in her own infallibility: but the surrounding scenery, though indescribably

wild, was not wanting in attraction to fix attention on itself. The bold promontory of Ballygelly, abruptly exhibiting its enormous, but well defined, pillars, presented the first specimen of the Basaltic region, into which they were about to penetrate.* The ruins of Cairne Castle, mouldering under the shadow of its cliffs, were partially tinged with the mid-day sun, that poured its cloudless radiance on the wild heights of the Salagh Braes, which form the segment of a circle to the west of the coast, running from north to south.

* The rock on which these ruins moulder is insulated at high-water. Here, it is said, a northern chieftain confined his daughter, to secure her from the importunities of another Leander, who, however, succeeded better in his hazardous enterprise than the youth of Abydos, and bore away his Irish *Hero*, in spite of a tempestuous sea and a cruel father.

The sun had not reached his meridian, when the romantic and lovely village of Glenarm, with the broken outline of its hills, its limestone shores, its castle, and plantations, appeared to the eyes of the travellers, smiling amidst the surrounding wildness.* At the entrance of the village the avant-courier, his horse smoking, rode up to the barouche, to say he had lost his way among the hills, and that he had but just entered the town, and discovered the inn : to this he pointed, and

* When Lord Bisset fled from Scotland for the murder of the Earl of Athol, he was permitted to settle on this romantic spot by the favour of Henry III. he, however, forfeited his Irish possessions in the reign of Edward II. The Mc. Donnells of Cantire claimed and obtained the lands of their kinsman, and the present Castle of Glenarm is the seat of their descendant, the Countess of Antrim. The ruins of a monastery founded by Lord Bisset are still visible.

the carriages drove up to a neat, pretty-looking cottage, while Lady Singleton continued to lecture, without mercy, the intimidated courier. The second out-rider had already entered the inn, to call some one to attend; and Mr. Glentworth observed, as the carriages drew up:—

“To expect accommodation in this little place, for such a party as our's, is quite too absurd.”

“How could I possibly suppose,” said Lady Singleton, “that Glenarm should only be a village, when I had set it down in my own mind, it was a large post-town?”

The servant now came out of the house to say, that he believed the people were all abroad, getting in the harvest; for they could only find an old woman in the inn kitchen, and that he could not make her understand him.

“It's hard for her the cratur! when

she's entirely *bothered*,"* said a voice, which, from its peculiar tone and accent, drew every eye to the speaker. The person who had thus volunteered his observation, in all the unadulterated richness of a genuine Connaught brogue, stood with his huge arms folded, leaning against the side of the inn door, while a thick stick and a small bundle lay at his feet. The figure, thus disposed, was considerably above the ordinary height: muscular, but not full, it exhibited an appearance of powerful strength, united with a lounging air of habitual indolence: a countenance, in which a sort of solemn humour was the leading expression, tinged with an acute shrewdness, was shaded by long black hair, occasionally shaken back; while a pair of

* *Bothered*—deaf: almost always used by the lower Irish to express deafness.

dark sunken eyes were thrown indifferently on either side, and only with a slight passing look, turned, as if by chance, on the splendid strangers, whose shewy persons and equipage seemed to excite neither admiration nor curiosity. The dress of this singular person was as equivocal as the figure was striking: his coat might have been an old livery—might have been an undress military frock: it was a faded blue, with still more faded scarlet cuffs and cape. Though the day was sultry for September, he wore a loose, large rug coat, which was buttoned round his neck, but hung behind like a mantle, with the sleeves unoccupied. Immense brogues, and blue stockings, were partially covered with black gaiters; and a pair of short canvas trowsers, reaching but a little way beneath his knees, completed his costume.

“ A prize ! ” cried the Colonel,

speaking through his hand to the party in the barouche. "The first genuine Paddy I have met since I have been in the north of Ireland," he added, to Lady Florence.

"Perhaps, Sir," said Mr. Glentworth, addressing the stranger, "you can give us some information, as to the nearest town to this village, where we could get the best accommodation for so large a party as this."

"I can, Sir, to be sure—every information in life, your honour; not one in the barony can *insense** you better, Sir:" and he took off his hat as he spoke: nor could he be prevailed on to resume it; while his dark countenance brightened into intelligence the moment he was addressed.

"Come here, Sir," cried Lady Singleton, beckoning to him—"come here. Which is the nearest town to

* *Insense*—inform.

this miserable disappointing little village?"

"Is it the nearest town to ye'z, * Madam? Why then, Madam, the nearest town to ye'z, is the furthest off intirely, in regard of the *short cut* being broke up since myself passed the same last; but the directest way ye'z can take is to turn *across* by that bit of a wood, to your *left*."

"What wood?" asked Lady Singleton: "there is no wood that I can see."

"*There is nat*, Madam; but there's all as one—for there was a wood there in th' ould times, as I hear tell. Well, ye'z *lave* the wood to the left, and ye'z will turn down, *if* you *plase*, right forenent you, and when ye'z come to the ind of the lane——"

* The distinction between addressing one or more persons is thus always marked—ye'z is used as *ye*.

“ Well, Sir!” interrupted Lady Singleton, impatiently.

“ Well, Madam,” returned the stranger, in a tone of sudden recollection, “ the devil a foot further ye’z will go, any how, in regard of the floods, which has *dam’d* up the road for all the world like the *salmon lep* at *Ballyshanny* :* but sure if ye’z will be *contint* to go the ould way, ye’z have nothing to do in life, but turn round and go back *straight* before ye’z, and then, your Honor, you’ll reach *Larne* in no time.”

This information, which excited a general laugh from all the party except Lady Singleton and Mr. Dexter, was replied to by the latter, who exclaimed :

“ Why you stupid, blundering fellow, that is the very town we are come from.”

* One of the most celebrated salmon-leaps in Ireland is near the entrance of the town of Ballyshannon.

"Is it, dear?" returned the Irishman, coolly, picking up his stick.

Meantime, as it was evident they had another stage to perform before they halted for the evening, hay and water were procured for the horses; and the master of the inn, who had come in from his fields, confirmed what they had suspected, that he could not accommodate so large a party, and directed them to a new inn* on the sea coast, within a short distance of the next post-town (New Town Glens), lately set up for the accommodation of travellers to the Causeway.

Lady Singleton had entered into conversation with a linen buyer, or, in the language of the country, a *webber*, who

* It may be perhaps necessary to inform the English tourist, who may be induced to visit the Giant's Causeway by the coasting road from Belfast to Bush-Mills, that *no such inn at present* exists, as is here mentioned.

was riding by, and to whom, from beginning to enquire about the state of the roads between Glenarm and New Town Glens, she digressed to the texture and value of Irish linens, and gave him some hints relative to *bleech-greens* and other things connected with the manufacture. While Lady Singleton was thus engaged with the *itinerant* merchant, (who, on his part, was recommending her to “ *their house at Colerain,*” if she intended to buy any linens, while in the very regions of webs and looms) the rest of the party, headed by the Colonel, were amusing themselves with the Irishman. He, however, stood every interrogatory and attack with the utmost quietude, coolness, and gravity. On the subject of the place of his nativity (for the Colonel affected to think him an Englishman), he alone seemed a little puzzled: he repeated that *County Donegall* was his *undoubted native place*, though he had the good

luck to be born in county Leitrim, Province of Connaught, which was all was left to the fore of poor ancient ould Ireland, barring Munster;—“ for,” he added, “everyone of my people, grandfathers and grandmothers, from the beginning of time, barring myself, was born in and about Donegall town, till the English patentees and Scotch undertakers* drove us all, like wild bastes, into the mountains, and into the Prowince of Connaught.”

“ Then you are not a native of this province?” asked Mr. Glentworth.

“ Is it me, Sir? O! no, your Ho-

* When the six counties in Ulster were escheated by James I. a few of the leading chiefs, particularly some of the O'Donnells, fled to Spain and France; the rest of the land proprietors found asylums in Connaught. The inhabitants of these counties, even in the present day, are distinguished by the terms given to their ancestors in the statistical surveys of the county; in that of Donegal they are called *patentees, undertakers, and servitors* or natives.

nor, I am not: I hope I have done nothing, bad as I am, to be born in the black north, any way; ye'z might tell that by my English, for the *cratures* in these parts have no English, only *Scotch Irish*, your Honor."*

"We did indeed remark something peculiar in your English," returned the Colonel: "but may I presume to ask, what brings you into this province, since you seem to hold it rather in contempt?"

"What brings me into this *Prowence*, your Honor? O, I'm a traveller, Sir."

"I thought so; you have the air of a man who has seen a deal of the world."

"O, I've seen a power, Sir, in my day: sure I was *twice't* in Dublin, your Honor."

* It is a curious fact, that among the lower orders of the natives of the other provinces, *Ulster* is always mentioned *slightly*, and generally called the "*Black North*."



" Indeed ! and no further ? "

" No, Sir, no further :—only once't in *Garmany*, on a little business ; and a little while bäck in the Western Indies ;* that's when I was sarving in th' army, your Honor. "

" So then His Majesty has had the honour of retaining you in his service ? "

" O ! he had, your Honor : God bless him. "

" And pray, Captain, to what regiment were you attached ? "

" O ! your Honor's going to the fair with me, now,† any how : it never was *Phaidrig* (which is *Patrick*) Mc. Rory's luck, and that's myself, to be a captain yet, Sir, only a CORPOLAR ;—and what was my regiment, why then, troth, I was mighty near listing with

* This is copied verbatim.

† A common expression, meaning " you are gibing me. "

the *Flaugh-na-balagh* boys,* under the great Giniral Doyle (long life to him, wherever he is), only in regard of the master, who came home on account of the *troubles*. So I listed with him in the Irish Brigades; and so we went to fight the black Frinch negurs in St. Domingo. Of as fine a regimen of lads as ever you clapt your eyes on, not one of us but was kilt dead in the field, barring a handful, as I may say, and myself and the master."

"Why you don't mean that a gentleman of your education and appearance is really in service?"

"O! I do, Sir, surely; and I'm the master's foater-brother to boot, and has the greatest regard and love for him in

* *Flaugh-na-balagh*—"clear the way"—the word with which General Doyle's Irish regiment rushed into the heat of a fierce engagement.

life ; but at this present spaking I may say I'm no sarvant at all, only a *pilgrim*."

" A pilgrim ! you ! "

" I am, Sir, surely ; an't I going to *keep* my *station* at Lough-Dergh, in respect of a vow I made for taking a drop too much on a Good-Friday ; so with the master's lave, and the blessing of God, I'm going to do *pinnence* at the blessed and holy St. Patriek's Purgatory."*

" Purgatory ! " repeated Mr. Dexter, shrugging his shoulders—" so, I thought as much : and so, Mr. Mc. Rory, you are really such a superstitious block-head as to believe in purgatory, are you ? "

" I believe, Sir, in what my church bids me, and what my people believed before me ; and what more does your

* For an account of this famous shrine of pilgrimage, see note at the end of this volume.

Honor, and the likes of you do, nor that? But in troth, in respect of purgatory, Sir, myself is no ways *perticular*; only, bad as it is, sure, your Honor may *go further* and fare worse for all that."

This observation, quaintly uttered with a mixture of quietude and humour, produced a general laugh at Mr. Dexter's expence, who replied with great acrimony of manner:—

"So, Sir, it is very plain that *you* are a pretty bigotted, thorough going Papist, and think that every man who is otherwise will be damned."

"No, Sir, I am nat: I'm a *Roman*,*

* It is a singular circumstance, that the epithet *Papist* is frequently rejected by the lower Irish as being a term of reproach; and that A. B. Usher has clearly proved, that the supremacy of Rome was unknown to the earlier Christians of Ireland, and first introduced into the country by Henry II. who came with a sword in one hand, and Pope Adrian's bull in the other.

and sweet *Jasus* forbid that every man should'nt have a *sowl* to be saved, go what way he will. It would be a bad business, your Honor, if Heaven was like a poor man's house in a bog, with only one road to it. And divil a diffir I believe it makes in the end, any how, whether a man goes to *mass* or *church*, only just for the fashion sake."

"No, Sir, you don't think any such thing," replied Mr. Dexter, with increasing ill-humour. "I know what sort of person you are very well: you are one of those idle mischievous fellows, for I don't credit a word of your story, who go about the country, stirring up the poor deluded people, and raising a cry of *emancipation*."

"Of who, Sir?" returned the Irishman, coming closer to the barouche, in which Mr. Dexter had just seated himself.

"Emancipation! You heard me very well."

"I have *no call* to him, Sir: is he a *freeholder*?"

"He, he, he!" cried Mr. Dexter, "that's just what he wants to be."

"Why then no blame to him," returned Mc. Rory, "for surely it makes all the diffir if a man have a *wote* or have not a *wote*; that's when he gets into a *scrimmage*:* what compensation did I ever get for my poor brother, Randall Mc. Rory, who was kilt in a *ruction*, because I'd no gentleman to back me, having ourselves neither *wote* nor interest, and being *Romans* to boot;† for *he* was far away that would see me righted, any how; only he

* *Scrimmage*, a term so often used upon all occasions of riot or confusion, must mean a skirmish; as *ruction*, though exclusively applied to a riot, must come from *insurrection*.

† A remark made by Mr. Young in his *Irish Tour*, Vol. 2nd. which bears upon Mc. Rory's observation, holds good to a *certain degree* at this day.

couldn't be in two places at once, like a bird, long life to him."

"And so," said Mr. Glentworth, willing to give the conversation another turn from that to which the folly and intemperance of Mr. Dexter was leading; "and so, my friend, you are going to perform penance for the crime of getting tipsy on a Good-Friday; and how far have you travelled to-day?"

"Not far, your Honor; only from New Town Glens, where you'll get the best entertainment for man and baste; and elegant fish."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Mr. Vandaleur, who had hitherto remained silent, and lolling out of the window of his chaise.

"Troth, I do, your Honor; every word of it; and it's what you'll get a bit of mutton there, that the *Provost* of *Strabane* need'nt be ashamed to stick his knife in of an *Easter Sunday*; long life to him!—the real *Raghery*."

“Raghery! what sort of mutton is that?” demanded Mr. Vandaleur, with some eagerness.

“The elegantest, little, dear mutton, your Honor, that ever you set your two good-looking eyes on; the leg of it, not bigger nor the leg of a lark, Sir,* to say nothing of the beautiful salmon fish that comes leaping into your arms, fairly out of the water—the cratur! with their tails in their mouths!† and their elegant fine

* The island Raghery, off the Antrim coast, is famous for its small breed of cattle: the mutton is particularly delicate and sweet.

† At the mouth of almost every river and streamlet in this county, there is a salmon fishery; the salmon leaps are also numerous:

Here, when the labouring fish does at the fort arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive,
His tail takes in his mouth, and bending, &c. &c. &c.

DRAYTON.

This opinion also prevails among the fishermen of the *salmon cuts* in Antrim.

“fins, twinkling in the sunshine, for all the world like that Lady’s eye, there,” and he bowed low to Lady Florence, who, leaning forward, and smiling graciously, returned:

“Thank you, thank you, Mr. Rory. I assure you, I think you altogether a most amusing person, and particularly gallant, and exactly what I should expect an Irishman to be.”

“Why then, devil a murch out you are there, Madam, or Miss; for myself does’nt know well which you are; it’s few of the likes of you comes into these parts any how, God bless you.”

The horses being now fed, and Lady Singleton having made all the enquiries, and given all the advice she thought proper, called out to the party, who were still amusing themselves with the communicative Irishman, “*Basta, basta, cosi*; come, we have lost time enough; Thompson, get on: Mr. Dexter, put up the head of the barouche at your

side. So, I have sent Edwards on before us to prepare for our reception."

The cavalcade now proceeded, and the Colonel, whose curricie was last, took off his hat with great ceremony to Mc. Rory, expressing a hope that they should meet again, and assuring him he was proud to have made the honour of his acquaintance. Mc. Rory, on his side, bowed with equal ceremony, and Mr. Glentworth desiring the outrider to give him some money, followed the carriages.

The Englishman, who had been extremely amused with *Pat*, was much pleased with the commission, but with great difficulty succeeded in prevailing on him to take half-a-crown.

"Why then, see here, my lad," said Mc. Rory, putting it up, "it is'nt in *regard of the lucre of gain* that I take their two and eightpence, only to drink their healths this night before I sleep; and troth, every farthing of it I'll lay

out for that same, if it was a golden guinea; so I will, for they are real and undoubted quality, surely; barring, indeed, that young man in the corner of the *landau*, who wanted to do me out of my *devotion*. Well, see here; I'll bet a dollar (that's if I had it), that he's no gentleman, but some *poor relation*, or a *follower* of the family, like myself, and gets the run of the house, and *sticks like a burr*; for it's *remarkable*, that it's always the likes of them takes most on themselves; so it is all the world over."

The Englishman shook hands heartily with him, said, he was not much out; that he was a d—d good fellow, and he was sorry he could not wait to make more of his acquaintance: he then rode on.

The fact was, that Mr. Dexter, from an officious interference with every branch of Mr. Glentworth's household, had rendered himself unpopular with

every subordinate member of the family, and the overbearing haughtiness, with which he endeavoured to give weight to his usurped authority, did not tend to sooth away the prejudices, which that usurpation had excited against him.

Mr. Dexter was one of those worthy successors to the led captains of other times, who, without birth, without education, without talent, make their way through the gradations of society from their own original obscurity, by artful obsequiousness, and by flattering the foibles, courting the favour, and gliding into passive conformity with the passions and opinions of those, from whose rank they can borrow consequence, from whose influence they may derive profit: nor was Mc. Rory far from the mark, when he likened him to an order of persons in his own country, who, too indolent to labour, and too poor for

independence, rest their claims for idle maintenance on some distant relationship, and by an artful study of the character of those on whom they prey, govern while they adulate, and influence where they affect to depend.

CHAPTER V.

THE tourists now proceeded along the wild and winding shores which skirted the northern seas, between the valley of Glenarm, and the little maritime town of *New Town Glens*. Annoyed by the increasing badness of the rugged roads, or busied in invectives against their overseers, of whose negligence she threatened to make a formal complaint, Lady Singleton at length became insensible to the peculiar features of the scenery; nor did prospects, however consonant to the fantastic genius of a Salvator Rosa, or the wild and gloomy imagination of an Ossian, compensate to the travellers for jolts which almost dislocated, nor ruts and dykes which threatened wheels, and put *patent springs* to the

test. Mr. Glentworth, therefore, who still rode, in vain pointed out to them the beautiful inland views afforded by glens and mountains, and the distant villages of Glenelye and Carnalloch; nor were they more struck by the bolder features of the coast, particularly the romantic promontory of Garron,* which stretches along the coast, and opposes its sharp, salient angles, to the incursive turbulence of the waves. "Yes, yes," returned Lady Florence, endeavouring to screen her face from the sea air, "it is all very fine; but if you have a mind to charm me with a prospect, shew me the chimney tops of our inn."

They now continued to wind along

* Garron, "the sharp point." The site of the fortress of Dunmall is still to be traced along this coast, where, tradition asserts, "all the rent of Ireland was once paid; probably the revenues of the Dalaradians."

the shores of the Red Bay, at the base of the heights of *Craig Murphy*. At no great distance from the ruins of Red Bay Castle, appeared a small neat house, and under a swinging sign, ornamented with the shamrock and thistle, was inscribed in large characters: "the Castle Inn, by Alexander Mc. Donald." The house was surrounded by very bold and romantic coast-scenery. The avant-courier had been more successful here than at Glenarm, and had obtained, at least, *the promise* of every due accommodation.

The first object with the travellers was a luncheon, and what Lady Singleton denominated *un toilette de voyage*, for she had previously stipulated with Lady Florence, that they should not throw off their habits for less convenient drapery, till they reached her own house at Lough Swilly: the *toilette de voyage* was

therefore soon dispatched, and a luncheon in the interim, consisting simply of potatoes and butter, was spread on an oak table, in the middle of a white-washed parlour.

Sharp appetites, however, furnished a *sauce picquante* to the homely fare, and every one surrounded the table but Mr. Vandaleur, who stood aloof, looking on with a countenance of utter despair.

"This is a sorry prelude," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I am afraid Mr. Mc. Rory's salmon and little mutton existed only in his own imagination."

"We shall know that directly," said Lady Singleton. "I have sent for our host."

"Meantime, then," said Mr. Vandaleur, "I'll try a biscuit," and he rung the bell for his own servant.

"You don't expect to get biscuits

here that are eatable, do you?" asked Lady Singleton.

"There are certain things I never expect to get good, any where, out of my own house, Lady Singleton, except I carry them with me."

"All prejudice," said Lady Singleton—"and I would prove it if I had you in England."

Here Mr. Vandaleur's Frenchman, who, when travelling, served him as cook and valet de chambre (his own cook having stipulated never to leave London), made his appearance.

"Have we any biscuits left, La Tour?" demanded Mr. Vandaleur.

"Eh! mais oui, Monsieur."

"Bring in the case. Let me see what you have got." Lady Florence threw a sly and smiling look at the Colonel.

"What have you got there, Monsieur?" she demanded, as La Tour

took a little canister out of a leather case.

"It is, Miladi, de café a la creme pour prendre par le nez, qui dissipe les douleurs des yeux, et rafraichit le cerveau par son odeur *agrenable et suave.*"

"But, La Tour," said Lady Florence, "we want to dissipate our appetites with something more than an *odeur suave.*"

"Eh bien, Miladi, here is de biscuits d'Amerique—et la parfaite amour et—"

"Give me a biscuit, and a little parfaite amour," said Mr. Vandaleur, who sat listlessly looking on: "if any body chooses liqueurs, they will find some here worth tasting."

"I must beg leave to doubt that," said Lady Singleton, while La Tour helped the gentlemen: "there are now no genuine liqueurs to be had in England. I have a reason for knowing it."

"For which reason, I import my own," returned Mr. Vandaleur.

"So I should suppose," said Mr. Dexter, putting his throat to the torture, to get down a hot potatoe, that he might say something civil, as he took the liqueur out of La Tour's hand.

"Upon my word, this is exquisite," he continued, smacking his lips, "quite exquisite."

"No," said Mr. Vandaleur: "that which you are drinking must be very bad from its colour."

Mr. Dexter now observing that Lady Singleton had left the room, obsequiously repeated:

"Why, certainly, if you say so, it doubtless must be, Mr. Vandaleur; for you must be, out and out, the first judge of these things in Great Britain."

"Yes, I think I know a little in that way," he returned. "Where did we get that wretched stuff, La Tour—from Paris?"

“Eh mais non, Monsieur,” said La Tour, adding with a contemptuous shrug—“Nous l’avons eu de ce *Londres la bas!*”

While the landlady, her daughters, nieces, and maids, were now all put under requisition by Lady Singleton, who was bustling through every room in the house, the landlord attended Mr. Vandaleur’s summons in the parlour.

Irish innkeepers are generally *gentlemen*: they are gentlemen farmers, gentlemen excisemen, gentlemen *sub-sheriffs*; but they are always *gentlemen*, and therefore most commonly above the subordinate situation of innkeepers. Mr. Alexander M'Donald however was *not by extra profession* a gentleman; not however that he was in the least more attentive or civil for being confined to what he professed—his manner and address were fair specimens of his class in the North of Ireland.

"Pray, Sir, what can we have for dinner?" asked Mr. Vandaleur—"any thing?"

"Well, ye just can—any thing ye please to call for."

"Fish, for instance?" asked Mr. Vandaleur.

"Aye, troth, as gude as ever swam in the sea."

"What sort, pray?—salmon?"

"Troth, I dinna ken, tull the boats come in."

"So then we are to depend upon wind and tide for our dinner, I suppose?"

"Nay, ye munna depend on that—the *mestress* has *kell'd* her *peg* to-day; ye can tak your choice from head to tail."

"Of a fresh-killed pig?" returned Mr. Vandaleur, with an inspiration amounting to a groan. "Have you not some small mutton peculiar to this country?"

"Not kell'd; but we wull the morrow. We have a nice wee bit of a haunch of venison in the house, but——"

"A haunch of *what* in the house?" interrupted Mr. Vandaleur, starting on his legs.

"A haunch of venison, sent my mestress in lieu of some spenning she git done for Belly M'Adam, my Lord's gamekeeper at Glenarm; but I doubt it's but just meddling. *Thon** is too *stale*, I doubt."

"Too stale—impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Vandaleur: "let me see it immediately. But who is to dress it?"

"Well, the woman just will."

"The woman—what woman? No woman upon earth can dress any thing. My servant will dress it under my direction. I will go to your kitchen,

* *Thon*—that.

if you will try and get your disagreeable turf not to smoke."

"*Fin a hit* it shall smoke, I warrant you," returned Mr. M'Donald, laughing. "*Fin a hit.*"*

"Can I be of any use to you, Mr. Vandaleur?" said Mr. Dexter, stepping forward. "I once understood that kind of thing pretty well: indeed, I belonged to a beef-steak club. I have my little silver gridiron somewhere; we wore it at our button-hole, with a rose-coloured ribbon."

"No, I thank you, Mr. Dexter; I'll try what I can do with La Tour; not that he is particularly excellent in that line."

"*Pourtant Monsieur!*" returned La

* *Fin a hit*... Devil a bit. "Scarcely a trace of Irish language, customs, or story, can be found along the north coasts. The few who use the Celtic at all, speak a mixed dialect called Scotch-Irish."

See Hamilton's Letters on Antrim.

Tour. "Je fais mon petit possible!" "We shall see," said Mr. Vandaleur; and he left the room, accompanied by his valet and the host, while Mr. Dexter went to look after the stables, since he was not permitted to officiate in the kitchen.

During the culinary dialogue, Lady Florence and the Colonel, who stood leaning their fine figures against the chimney-piece, exchanging looks and smiles of ridicule and intelligence, now both burst into an immoderate fit of laughter at their friend's expence.

"Poor Mr. Vandaleur!" exclaimed Lady Florence: "he is an excellent person in his way; I have a great friendship for him; I have indeed."

"Which he returns," said the Colonel, "with an exclusive and profound devotion."

"No, I don't think that; but we go on very well together. You know the way one lets a man follow one,

year after year, just meaning nothing at all.—I wish he would marry.”

“ If he did,” said the Colonel, laughing, “ it must be to Mrs. Glass, or the complete Housekeeper.”

And they were still laughing at this *ben-trovato*, when Lady Singleton bustled into the room.

“ I have set,” she said, “ all the maids to scour the rooms. I have changed all the beds, and made the old SCOTCH-IRISH landlady, who has *la Crasse* of both nations on her hands, stare her eyes out—and now we must all walk, and see what is to be seen, while we have an hour’s day-light. I want to walk down to the shore. I have taken it into my head from the view I have had of the strand, that there is excellent stuff there for repairing the roads; instead of which, our host tells me they are supplied from a whinstone quarry.—O! how Irish that is: the quarry is the least trouble. Mais

allons: Mr. Glentworth and the girls are waiting for us at the hall-door, and Mr. Vandaleur is staying to superintend the venison: he would not even *hear me speak* on the subject."

The Colonel and Lady Florence followed her with shrugs of annoyance: the amour-propre of each supplied food and occupation to the other. The Colonel, vain and indifferent, flattered, that he might be flattered in turn; and Lady Florence, who saw with "equal eye,"

"A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,"

and who, in common with Madam de Maintenon, prized all conquests, from a porter's to a prince's, beheld with increasing satisfaction the progressive subjugation of the gallant Colonel. Besides, being flattered that a man, who quizzed all the world, had not only entered into an alliance with her, defensive and offensive, but was, in the truest

sense of the word, quizzed by herself; for though she threw out lights to mislead his vanity, she was in fact as indifferent to him as to Mr. Vandaleur, and the rest of the world.

The party now proceeded on their ramble, led by Lady Singleton and Mr. Dexter, who descended towards the shore.

The sun was setting with great richness over the Heights of Sliabh-Barragh.* Volumes of purple clouds were floating in the atmosphere, and the glassy surface of the distant waters was here and there darkly spotted with

* The Irish language is extremely copious and fruitful in terms of scenic description: they have various epithets to mark observable heights rising above the surface of the earth. "Knock," signifies a low hill, standing single, without any continued range. "Sliabh," pronounced *Sleeve*, a high craggy mountain, ascending in ridges: the *Binn*, or *Benn*, a mountain of the first magnitude, ending in an abrupt precipice, .

fishing boats. Along the remoter shores, the curling smoke of the burning seaweed rose in azure columns, and broke into light vapors, throwing an aërial tint over the whole of the perspective. The entire foreground was bold and massive; the fantastic groupings of the rocks, scattered in grotesque forms along the shores of the Red Bay: the ruined Castle, rising above the caverned cliff,* and the Heights of Sliabh-Baragh cutting abruptly against the declining sun's red light, presented a combination of scenic features of great vigour and boldness; rude and wild, indeed, but highly picturesque, and finely set off by the lights and shades of the season and hour. The group, alone, accidentally placed in the picture, were

* The caverns of this cliff consist of three chambers. They were once occupied as school-rooms, though the path leading to them is frightfully precipitous.

incongruities in the masterly composition.

The tide was now coming in with such rapidity, that Mr. Glentworth proposed ascending among the rocks, before they were overtaken by its insidious incursion; and when they had attained the summit of one of the lower cliffs, he pointed out some of the most striking features in the scene; observing that many of the rocks, among which we had been a few minutes before, confidently loitering, were now entirely surrounded by water, and apparently isolated from the main coast.*

“It would have been quite an adventure,” said Lady Florence, who had now, in a tête-a-tête conversation with the Colonel, reached the very head and front of sentimental abstrac-

* Doctor Hamilton, in his celebrated Letters on the Coast of Antrim, describes these shores as being fantastically beautiful.

tion, "it would be quite an adventure to have been surrounded by the sea, while standing on one of those cliffs, wrapt in thought or heavenly pensive meditation."

"Pray observe that distant cliff to the left," said Mr. Glentworth. "Does it not represent just such an image as your Ladyship has conjured up? If the situation were not impracticable to human foot, would you not say that some fool-hardy person had balanced himself on that rocky pinnacle?"

"I think, Sir," said Miss O'Halloran, abruptly, "it puts one in mind of the statue of Peter the Great placed on a solid rock."

Every body smiled; partly at the brogue, partly at the suddenness with which she broke through her long preserved silence.

"Your observation is very just, Miss O'Halloran," said Mr. Glentworth. "The form of that rock has,

in the light we now see it, precisely the proportions and air of a well executed statue.---It seems almost to move upon the sight."

"Good Heavens! Why it does move," said Lady Florence.

"La! so it does!" said both the Miss Singletons, in a breath.

"It is Peter the Great himself, no doubt," said the Colonel.---"Seriously, however, Miss O'Halloran, there really was a great deal of imagination in your remark."

"O, there is nobody so clever as Miss O'Halloran, I am sure," returned Lady Florence.

Lady Singleton, and Mr. Dexter, who was filling his pockets with pebbles at her Ladyship's commands, now approached; and Mr. Glentworth pointed out the figure on the rock to her, saying:

"You may be certain that is the *presiding Genius* of the shore; and he

has risen from the waves, to accuse you and Mr. Dexter of the thefts you are committing on his territories."

"That," said Lady Singleton, raising her glass, "that is some foolish person looking for samphire; but I can tell him he is amazingly mistaken, if he thinks to get any on this description of rock."

"Mistaken, indeed," echoed Mr. Dexter.

"What!" said the Colonel—"Peter the Great transformed into a samphire gatherer!.... What an *anti-climax*!"

"Whoever it be," said Mr. Glentworth, "he certainly appears to set no great value upon life; for, as he now stands, he seems, at this distance at least, to be in a most perilous situation: one false step would precipitate him into that mass of waters, which roars between the two opposite rocks."

Almost as he spoke, the person sprang from his giddy station, and to

all appearance sunk into the waves. The ladies screamed.

"It is some wretched *suicide*," cried Lady Florence, faintly. "I fear I shall faint—I shall, indeed: I have not nerves for this——"

"Fly, Mr. Glentworth, down to the shores," cried Lady Singleton: "let a boat be put out directly—he *shall* yet be saved."

Mr. Glentworth was already out of hearing. He had sprung down the rocks with the agility of eighteen, followed by Miss O'Halloran; while the Colonel and the Miss Singletons remained with Lady Florence.

"Shall I go, and try to be of some assistance?" said Mr. Dexter, without moving a step.

"No, no," said Lady Singleton; "sit down quietly here. Keep all your breath. We must save this poor man. You shall blow into his mouth and nostrils, Mr. Dexter: 'tis a thing

done every day. I'll save him; only observe my orders. I am quite au fait to suspended animation. I have sent some useful hints to the Society."

"But if the man is drowned?" said Mr. Dexter, in some trepidation, and seating himself as he was desired.

"No matter for that: mind me; and we shall recover him all the same."

Mr. Glentworth now waved his hat from below, and the next moment, followed by the governess, ascended the rocks.

"All is safe!" he cried out, as he approached; "all is right. We could not see, at this distance, that the man jumped into a boat, anchored under the shadow of the rock on which he stood; and not, as we supposed, into the sea. Neither is the rock so high and precipitous as the particular direction of the evening shadows makes it appear."

"How tiresome!" said Lady Single-

ton, disappointed that there was nothing to do.

"And to have one's feelings put to the torture for nothing at all," added Lady Florence, languidly: while, as the whole party directed their steps towards home, from which they were more than a mile distant, Mr. Glentworth pointed out to them the object of their former solicitude, rowing his little boat under the rocks on which they were walking; his sole companion, a dog, sat at the stern, appeared, even at that distance, of immense size.

"The whole little set-out," said Mr. Glentworth, "partially tinged as it is with light, is extremely picturesque."

"Is it not very like a drawing we copied of *La Porta*, Horatia?" asked Miss Singleton.

"So it is, Caro; only there is no tree in the corner. I believe there

ought always to be a *tree* in the corner of a *real* landscape."

The boat now disappeared behind a little promontory of rocks, and the ramblers, wearied of acclivities and declivities, in spite of Mr. Glentworth's advice to keep on the heights, descended towards a sandy beech, where the tide had not intruded.

They were now within view of the inn, and scarcely half a mile distant, when they again perceived the little boat undulating near the shore, and empty; a little in advance, the rower, with his gigantic dog lying at his feet, was seated on a fragment of rock, and seemed busily employed in breaking up some stones, which, as he effected, he threw into a little basket beside him. The party had now approached so near as to alarm the dog, who sprung forward with a dreadful yell to attack them. The ladies screamed, the gentlemen parried his attack with their

canes, and the stranger starting up, cried with a voice deep as the tones of the gigantic animal they commanded, "Bran!" The dog crept back growling to his master's feet, who, removing the fur cap which covered his head, said:—

"Pray pass on, there is no danger whatever to be apprehended from the dog."

When the ladies had passed, he resumed his cap and occupation, and began to hammer as before. The contrast exhibited in his person, manner, dress, and occupation, was so striking, as to keep the party for a moment silent, from surprize. They had supposed him a fisherman, and his address and air were not only those of a gentleman, but of a *distinguished* gentleman.

He was, however, pretty nearly clad in the costume of the profession they had assigned him; his whole dress

consisted of a grey jacket and trowsers, a black silk neck handkerchief, and a fur cap; but his person, though so little set off by the advantages of dress, was conspicuously fine. His height was majestic; and his head for a moment exhibited, as he drew off his cap, was so little the head of a common man, that it had attracted the notice and admiration of Lady Florence, who exclaimed:—

“What an extraordinary looking person! What a magnificent head! Take him with his eyes and his dog, altogether he is by much the finest thing I ever saw in my life. Who can he be?”

“Why, a *surveyor of the roads*, or something of that sort,” returned Lady Singleton, with a tone of decision. “The innkeeper told me there was such a person in the neighbourhood; and indeed I meant to send for him before I leave this place, and rate

him soundly for the shameful state in which we have found the roads; nay, I may as well take the present opportunity."

To Lady Florence's great satisfaction, and Mr. Glentworth's great dismay, she turned quickly back and approached the stranger, who rose as she drew near, keeping his hand on his dog's neck, as he also started up with a faint growl.

"I beg pardon, Sir," said Lady Singleton, "for interrupting your occupation; pray go on with your work."

"It was only the *occupation* of an idle man, Madam," returned the stranger, bowing; "and—"

"I know very well what you are about," interrupted Lady Singleton, taking up some flints from his basket: "pray of what strata are these shores composed? I have a particular reason for wishing to know."

The stranger, with evident surprize marked in his countenance, replied, after a moment's hesitation, and throwing his eyes rapidly over the group :—

“ I have not accurately examined them, Madam, beyond the mere surface, but I believe this particular line of shore consists of a series of red sandstone, intersected by strata of granite, and containing, in certain directions, veins of calcareous spar.”

Lady Singleton threw round a look at the rest of the party (who now, with the exception of Mr. Glentworth, incircled the stranger) as if to say—“ you see I was right,” then addressing the stranger, she said :—

“ Well, Sir, I must say that you do not turn your knowledge to much account, for your roads are as bad as if you were totally ignorant of the materials with which these shores furnish you to repair them ; and, I must also say, that I do not understand how

people can go on for ever taking the King's money without performing the services expected and required by the government: the using *whin-stone* is merely, I suppose, to make a job, as the quarry is private property, while the strand affords such pebbles as these.---Come here, Mr. Dexter, shew this gentleman the pebbles we have picked up."

Mr. Dexter busily emptied his pockets into his hat, crying:---

"The roads are as her *Ladyship* observes, in execrable order;" and he raised his eyes to the stranger's face to discover the effect produced by the title of *Ladyship*. But the stranger, exhibiting no other emotion in his countenance than the most profound amazement, observed:---

"I beg pardon; but I rather suppose, Madam, you must mistake me for some other person."

"No, no," interrupted Lady Single-

ton, "I am not so liable *to be mistaken*. I know very well you are the person I wanted particularly to see—you are the surveyor or director of the roads here: I don't exactly know how you term the office in Ireland."

"No, indeed, Madam," he replied, smiling; "I am not: I have not the honour to hold any place so ostensible."

"No!" said Lady Singleton, in a tone of mortification: "then I am sure I beg your pardon: but I naturally supposed from your particular occupation, from having heard that one of the overseers of the roads was in the neighbourhood---but I beg pardon; I am sorry to have disturbed you."

The stranger bowed, and assured her all apology was unnecessary.

"I was not the *only* one deceived about you, however, Sir," added Lady Singleton, willing to throw a part of her blunder upon others; "for you have

been an object of conjecture to all our party for some time back, and have been taken for all sorts and manner of things."

"You have indeed been an object of *solicitude* to us," said Lady Florence, in a voice of blandishment, "and we were at a loss to assign a motive sufficiently strong for the risk you incurred: the rock seemed quite a *Leucadia*, and your plunge into the *waters*, as we thought it, a lover's leap."

"The rock, Madam," returned the stranger with an air of pleasantry, "was not, I believe, quite so steep as the Leucadian promontory, nor was the motive of my ascending it so exalted as to bring its excuse along with it for my risk---I merely landed there to procure a specimen of zeolite, which now lies fractured in that basket."

"There is no spirit more daring," said Mr. Glentworth, advancing with a slight bow, "than the enterprizing

spirit of science.---I dare say, Sir, that the coast of Antrim affords an ample field to geological inquiry."

"I should suppose it must, Sir," returned the stranger, "from its general structure, particularly the Basaltic districts; but I am myself an idle observer, and have rather *admired* than *explored* them. My knowledge of the region is almost wholly confined to the theories and principles which the industry, ingenuity, and experiments of *others* have applied to its phenomena."

"If I recollect right," replied Mr. Glentworth, with increasing interest, "Sir William Hamilton asserts that wherever Basaltic pillars are found, a volcano must at some time or other have existed."

"I believe," said the stranger, "that the volcanic hypothesis has been generally applied to the Giant's Causeway, and what is rather singular, there is, I

am told, an old Irish tradition which beats out the supposition."

"I shall never believe that," said Lady Singleton, "until I find some specimens of *lava* on these shores. I have some pieces of a lava in my possession at this moment. I got them in a cabinet of natural history I bought from a Jew at Florence. It contains all sorts of things, and I have added to it some pretty specimens of shells, which I picked up myself on the shores of the *Mediterranean*."

"It must be a most valuable article, that cabinet," said Mr. Dexter: "and your Ladyship picked up shells yourself on the shores of the *Mediterranean*! How fine! What a savage little spot this must appear to you—for your Ladyship might walk upon *this* strand for ever, without even picking up as much as a pretty little *cockle-shell*."

Here one of Miss O'Halloran's

abrupt bursts of laughter startled the whole party, and *almost* threw Mr. Dexter into confusion.

The stranger, during this little dialogue, had directed his glances to the group which had so unexpectedly appeared in a scene so little appropriated to such *dramatis personæ*; but his eyes rested longest on the elegant form of Lady Florence, who, seemingly unconscious of his gaze, stood drawing a velvet mantle round her in folds, which a statuary would vainly have attempted to imitate. Miss O'Halloran's laugh, however, drew all his observation on herself; but her short clumsy cloak and deep straw bonnet, which gave her the air of a little Red Riding-hood, or a Dutch toy, did not for a moment fix his attention: he again turned "to metal more attractive," assisting Lady Florence to gather up her mantle, which had fallen from her grasp.

The incorrigible risibility of the governess did not go unreprieved by Lady Singleton, who lectured her in Italian, while the Colonel declared that her laugh was quite *fair*, and would make the fortune of a low comedy actress. Mr. Glentworth at once, to cut short further exposure of his own party, and further intrusion on the stranger's pursuits, now proposed to return, as the dews were beginning to fall; and taking off his hat to the stranger, who bowed gracefully in return, he led the way back to the inn.

"I am much deceived," said Lady Florence, "if that is not a person of some consideration, notwithstanding his grey jacket and his little *Montero cap*."

"He is unquestionably a *gentleman*," added Mr. Glentworth, "and probably here on some scientific research; some amateur naturalist, perhaps."

"O! I am never taken in by *un air imposant*," said Lady Singleton, "and as to his science—"

Before she could finish her sentence, the stranger re-appeared, and addressing Mr. Glentworth, he said,

"I beg your pardon---but I perceive you are returning to the inn, by the beach. Since you passed it, it is overflowed by the tide, which is a spring one; but if you will allow me, I will conduct you by another path."

Mr. Glentworth made due acknowledgments for this politeness, and thankfully accepted the offer. The stranger then led the way, by ascending from the shore, and conducted them through a bye road, while Lady Florence, patting his dog's head, drew him towards her, by expressions of her admiration at his favourite's size and beauty; and by inquiring if he was not of the Newfoundland breed.

He replied in the negative, adding,

that it was the descendant of a race now almost extinct, for which the country was once celebrated — the *Irish wolf-dog*.

“ I think you called him Bran,” said Lady Singleton. “ I don’t think that is an appropriate name for a dog of this description.”

“ It is an old name, however, *Madam*,” he replied, “ for dogs of this race in this country. It was,” he added, smiling, “ the name of the favourite hound of one of our national heroes, *Fionne-ma-cumhal*; better known, as “ *Fingal* *.”

“ Then,” said Mr. Glentworth, “ you still claim *Fingal* as your own, and really believe that such a person existed?”

* A mark is shewn in a mountain in Tyrone, near New Town Stewart, which is said to be “ the track of Bran’s feet,” the celebrated greyhound of *Fingal*, whose memory is held in reverence no less than his master’s.

"At least," said the stranger, smiling, "this is not a place to express scepticism; for we happen at this moment to inhabit a bardic region, and to tread on consecrated ground. We are now on the borders of the valley of Glenariff, or, *the valley of the Chiefs*, which is particularly sacred to Ossian, and still retains some objects, distinguished by the names of his contemporaries. That hill, so remotely seen by the rising moon-beam falling on its summit, and which appears but an illuminated vapour, is called *Luirg Eaden*, and still retains traces of a fortress, which the people of the country, to this day, call "Fort-clan-a-Mourna," and is supposed to have been the garrison of Fingal, and his "Clan-na-Boiskine."*

*The little village of Cushindall, "*Cois-anda-calladh*." The river foot of the Two Swans in the neighbourhood of Glenariff, is supposed to derive its name from a predatory Scot, who

"These are curious facts, indeed," said Mr. Glentworth.

"Oh! beyond every thing interesting," said Lady Florence, "only the language is so difficult to pronounce---"*clag-nag-bosk.*" O! I should never manage."

"It must be owned," said the Colonel, throwing an intelligent look at her Ladyship, "that it is a magnificent language---the Irish! only it is unpronounceable by an English organ. The "augh," and "clogh," for instance."

"Oughs and cloughs!" repeated Mr. Dexter, laughing and winking at the Colonel jocosely, "oughs and cloghs! the fact is, the Irish is a most rude and barbarous tongue, and surprisingly discordant."

fell by the hand of Oisín or Osian, "whose tomb many of the natives *pretend* to have seen on the coast."

“ It may appear so to those who don't understand it,” returned the stranger coolly : “ those who *do*, are of a different opinion—I believe,” he added, turning to Mr. Glentworth, “ the topography of England has retained the language of the Ancient Britons, in most of the prominent features of the country; and though to foreign ears I know it sounds barbarously harsh, yet, of course, it does not strike the natives of the land as being either rude or discordant. It is thus in Ireland, with us; and to our ears, the *cloghets* and *aughers* are quite as harmonious as *Gigleswick* and *Jingleput* to natives of Derbyshire.”

“ Or Asgrigg, or Dowgallscar,” added Mr. Glentworth, laughing, “ in the neighbourhood of which places we happen to live; so, Sir, you see you have produced a strong case in point.”

"You are of course, Sir, a native of this country," said Lady Singleton, "by your knowing so much about it. Will you be so good as to speak a little Irish?"

As she spoke, the stranger advanced to a little gate, and, holding it open as the ladies passed through, he observed,

"You have only to cross the meadow before you, and you will reach the inn in a few minutes: it lies to the left."

He then bowed, and followed by his dog, walked away with great rapidity.

"How very odd!" said Lady Florence, casting a look over her shoulder; but he was already out of sight—"how very odd that he should go off so abruptly! There can be no question about his being a gentleman. What do you think of him, Colonel?"

"Why, he is a good-looking kind of Irish giant enough; but I observe that

all men look well in that sort of dress. I should not wonder, however, if you were deceived in him."

"Nor I, in the least," said Mr. Dexter.

"Well, I should," said Lady Singleton: "there is something of the *bel usage* about him, not to be mistaken."

"Critically," observed Mr. Dexter.

"I wish, with all my soul, we had asked him to join our dinner party at the inn, though very likely he would have declined the invitation," said Mr. Glentworth.

"*Decline ! I like that,*" said Lady Singleton. "I dare say he would be but too much flattered. Go, Mr. Dexter; pray run after him—you will easily overtake him; and ask him to dine with us at seven o'clock."

Mr. Dexter obeyed, or rather affected to obey; but returned in a few minutes apparently out of breath, as-

serting that he could not overtake him without running the risk of losing his own way.

“ Well; we shall probably find him at the inn, as, of course, he sets up there,” and in this conviction they arrived at the inn-door: the waiter, however, who was stationed at it, and who was immediately questioned by the two ladies, asserted that no such person had set up at the Castle, and that there was no one in the house at present, but their own party.

“ O !” said Mr. Dexter, “ your La’ship need be under no apprehensions---you may depend on it, he won’t so easily lose sight of persons of such evident rank and fashion. This is all a little stage trick to excite curiosity. I am certain I have seen him before.--- If I mistake not, he was with a party of strolling players at Ballynogue; that description of persons has always a sort of a---kind of a---jargon that

they pick out of the plays of the celebrated Shakespeare and others, which *they* pass for their own."

"You are quite wrong, Mr. Dexter," said Lady Singleton; but in a tone of voice which evinced that his opinion had made some impression on her.

"Certainly, if you say it, I must be wrong, Lady Singleton; and, indeed, I only *hinted* my opinion and belief with due deference to your Ladyship's."

This was strictly true. Mr. Dexter's mind was a *tabula rasa*, on which the person to whom he looked up, for the time being, for patronage and preferment, might indite what he pleased. No man exhibited more signs of intelligence on his own interests, yet the jargon of Lady Singleton, no less than her rank, had imposed her on him for a person of considerable influence and interest. With the power and conse-

quence of her brother, he was deeply impressed; and, like all persons who have seen the great only at a distance, he thought they could do every thing for those whom they protected, and that those whom they protected had nothing to do, but to flatter and submit, in order to obtain every thing they desired.

The rambles, on their return to the inn, found Mr. Vandaleur full of the importance and success of his office. The venison was "*done to a turn,*" and a boat full of excellent fish had been landed in time for dinner. Every body was pleased—every body was in high spirits; and their ramble and adventure with "*Peter the Great,*" as Lady Florence called him, afforded subject matter for conversation for the evening. While they took their coffee, the innkeeper was summoned to stand the test of their inquiries relative to the

singular stranger, whom Lady Singleton insisted on it spoke with a foreign accent.

“In gude troth then,” said Mr. Mc. Donald, “I warrant ye weel, ’tis my Lord’s ain gentleman, for my Lord is now in the country, and monseer looks as like a lord as his self; and he is a great fisherman, and has his own nice wee boat that he paddles about in.”

Mr. Dexter smirked, wriggled on his chair, and threw a glance under his eyes at Lady Singleton; but seeing nothing in her countenance to sanction his smirk or his wriggle, he looked grave, and was composed again.

This information rather startled the whole party, with the exception of Mr. Glentworth, who exclaimed:—

“No: the person we have met is a gentleman, and a gentleman of distinguished manners and appearance; there can be no question about it.”

“Weel, I just doubt we have ony,

the like, in these parts, and if he's a gentleman, he has not put up at the Castle, that's all."

With this observation, Mr. Mc. Donald withdrew, and shortly after the party retired, in the intention of setting off the next morning with the sun ; as by the advice of Mr. Mc. Donald they meant to reach their last stage to the Giant's Causeway on the following night, and sleep at Bush-Mills, the point from which most of the votarists to this great shrine of nature start for the pilgrimage.

CHAPTER VI.

THE travellers recommenced their journey on the following day, while the grey vapours of a fine autumnal morning still involved every object in their misty hue; till the sun, as he appeared to rise from the brightening bosom of the ocean, gradually developed the bold features of that great sweep, which terminates in the mighty altitudes of the Basaltic promontory of Benmore. The stage, however, performed before breakfast, is generally that least favourable to picturesque observations; and the venerable ruins of Kerragh Castle, the bold promontory of Torr, crowned with its Giant's

Fort and Grave,* the magnificent spectacle afforded by the ocean and surrounding mountains, were alike lost upon the drowsy tourists. Their attention and interest were first awakened by the sight of a good breakfast at the town of Ballycastle, which their avant-courier had ordered for them the night before.

As they had here some time on their hands, while the horses were resting, Lady Singleton proposed that they should employ it in visiting whatever was best worth seeing, in or about the town; and the local knowledge of their host was put into requisition to obtain the necessary intelligence.

* Torr, a hill or tower. The ruins of the Fort of Dunavarre may be seen on the point of the promontory of Torr, and is said by the people of the country to have been the work of giants. At some distance above it, is shewn a spot called *Sleacht-na-Barragh*—the Giant's Grave.

He began by the coal-mines, of which, as a townsman, he was justly proud; and he was proceeding with rather a tedious account of the different intervals in which they had been worked, when Lady Singleton interrupted him with—

“O, very good; but we happen to have no taste for coal-mines:—besides, I don’t give any credit to your knowing how to work coal-mines in Ireland. You had better stick to your bogs—I can tell you that. But have you nothing about Fingal here? No place that Ossian mentions? We are told that this is the spot for that sort of thing.”

The man, after some deliberation, replied that there was a fine old ruin near the town, about which the people had a great many stories: “It was called,” he said, “the Abbey of Bona-Marga; and part of the cell of the famous *Black Nun*, called *Shelagh*

Dubh-na-valone, was still to be seen.”
“ And what was she famous for?”
asked Lady Singleton. “ I rather
doubt a nun’s claim to celebrity.”

The innkeeper had never heard,
excepting that she was a great proph-
etess, and a saint and abbess of the
place.*

* Tradition says that this nun had a sister,
whom she had occasion to blame for some im-
propriety of conduct ; and though the offender
had shewn ample contrition, the recluse would
not be satisfied. It happened, however, that
the penitent had occasion one wintry night to
beg shelter from her sister, who could not, from
Christian motives, deny her request ; but re-
solved, rather than abide under the same roof,
to pay her accustomed devotions in the open air.
After remaining some hours at prayer, the de-
vout woman looked towards the cell, and saw a
most brilliant light. Struck with amazement,
knowing that neither fire nor taper had burnt
there for many months, she approached the bed
on which her sister lay, but only had time to hear
her sigh out her last breath in praise of her Re-

Lady Singleton, having asserted that it must be all a mistake, as she knew the Calender of Saints pretty well, and no such name as Saint Shelagh was among them, she complied, notwithstanding, with the wishes of the rest of the party, to visit this ruined abbey, whose curiosity this little legendary *morceau* of the innkeeper's had awakened and interested.

The day was fine, though somewhat gloomy; and the abbey was but a short walk from the town. Lady Florence, supported by her two friends, Mr. Vandaleur, and Colonel Moclere, followed the rest of the group, which was led on by Lady Singleton and

deemer. The light had vanished—the recluse considered it as the sign of Heaven's forgiveness to her sister, and learned henceforward to be more indulgent to human frailty.

I have borrowed this note from Dr. Drummond's beautiful poem of "the Giant's Causeway."

Mr. Dexter—the former ringing the changes upon the dullness and inactivity of a monastic life; and the latter bearing testimony to the truth and justice of her observations.

The Abbey of Bona-Marga, founded in the sixteenth century by one of the Mc. Donald family, an ancestor of the Earls of Antrim, was among the last of the monasteries raised in Ireland. It had still, however, felt heavily the decaying hand of time, the cells and refectory having long fallen into undistinguishable dilapidation. The chapel alone appeared tolerably preserved, and still faintly exhibited some well-executed devices in bas-relief. A small edifice also remained near the great entrance to the chapel, which might have been the lodge of the convent porter, or the detached residence of some lay-brother. Nothing perhaps could be more incongruous to the solemn scene of this venerable ruin, than

the group which now intruded on its silent solitudes. The desolate wildness of its site, the turbulent ocean it commanded, the rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by which it was environed, the death-like stillness which hung upon it, the mortal relics strewn around, were grand and gloomy images strongly contrasted by the flippant loquacity, rapid motions, and gay appearance of its unusual visitants. Lady Florence, trailing the drapery of an Indian shawl, which breathed of Indian roses, over the long rye-grass that rustled above the consecrated earth, where, perhaps,

“ Many a saint, and many a hero lay,”

talked of the place, its wildness, and its gloom, with romantic enthusiasm; and throwing her shawl over her head, folding her hands, and placing herself under the arch of a broken aisle, with no feeble effect, repeated:

“ In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along these walls:”

then suddenly dropping her air and tone, she assumed a look of *Beckyish* simplicity, leaving it doubtful whether her abrupt transition was the bye-play of affected coquetry, or the impulse of unaffected folly. Whatever it was, it appeared to enchant her two *supporters*, between whom she again took her station. Meantime the Misses Singleton were endeavouring to read an inscription on a tomb-stone; upon which Mr. Dexter lay sprawling, assisting them to decipher it; but skipping over the Latin, which occasionally obtruded itself, and declaring the whole thing put him in mind of the celebrated Mr. Gray's Elegy on a Country Church-yard in *Elegant Extracts*, which began with

“ What beckoning ghost——”

Miss O'Halloran stood silently bye, neither

“ Touch'd, nor rapt, nor waken'd, nor inspired,”

and Lady Singleton was endeavouring to convince Mr. Glentworth that the founder of the abbey was wholly mistaken in the site he had chosen ; for that *she* could, at that moment, point out twenty other situations, in every respect preferable.

“ Very likely,” returned Mr. Glentworth : “ and since, my dear, I cannot possibly wish that *you* had lived some centuries back, I wish the old abbot was here at this moment present, to benefit by your criticism, lest he should, in some beatific vision, dictate the site of a future monastery to some future founder.”

He had scarcely uttered the words, when Lady Singleton, with a scream, exclaimed :

“ How can you talk such nonsense, Mr. Glentworth ? I really thought I

saw a tall figure gliding among the old ruins."

"Well," he returned, laughing, "'tis *you* who have conjured up the *old Abbot of Bona-Marga*."

Mr. Dexter, who had jumped on his feet upon hearing Lady Singleton's scream, and who now, at a cautious distance, went poking about the chapel ruin, started back in alarm, exclaiming; "Egad though, there is somebody there."

The stranger's gigantic dog bounded forward, and the next moment, the stranger himself, with the air of one who is obliged to make his appearance *malgré lui*, advanced from among the ruins.

He saluted the party politely, but distantly, and calling his dog to him, seemed as if he would have passed on; when Mr. Glentworth, advancing with a cordial smile to meet him, prevented

the intention. The rest of the party, whose opinions floated between the opposite impressions made on their minds, by his distinguished air and figure, and by the account of "*my Lord's gentleman*," from Mr. Mc. Donald, kept a little aloof. Their curiosity, however, was strongly excited, and their first prepossession in his favour was increased by a more perfect view of his countenance than the twilight of the preceding evening had afforded.

"You have got the start of us, Sir," said Mr. Glentworth, "though we *fancied* ourselves pretty early travellers; for we began our journey with the sun."

"I had finished mine, Sir, I fancy," said the stranger, "before either your party or the sun had commenced their's. I travelled with a less resplendent companion," he added, smiling: "and set off at midnight with the man in the moon."

"Pray, Sir," asked Mr. Dexter, wriggling up to him, "does any *cheap mode* of conveyance, any stage or mail, run between New Town Glens and Ballycastle?"

"Not that I know of, Sir," returned the stranger, coldly.

"I beg pardon; I merely asked for information: for I took it for granted you were a *resident* in these parts."

The stranger made no reply; and Mr. Dexter, looking archly at Lady Florence and the Colonel, continued with unabated pertness: "I fancy, Sir, you had rather a cool ride along the coast last night: it was a sharp easterly——"

"I did not ride, Sir," returned the stranger.

"Not ride! indeed, Sir! well, your walk kept you warm at least."

"I did not *walk*, Sir," returned the stranger, fastening his dog's collar, which had loosened.

"*Not walk!* ha—odd enough! If it would not seem impertinent, I should like, just merely for information's sake, to know how you *did* perform that extremely bad stage; no offence, Sir, I hope."

The stranger raised his head, and rolling his dark eyes over the insignificant figure of his pert interrogator, replied: "None intended, Sir, I hope."

"None in the world, Sir; none in the world," rejoined Mr. Dexter, shrinking back, and whispering Lady Singleton, while Mr. Glentworth addressed the stranger upon the subject of the interesting scene they occupied.

"Your Ladyship may depend upon it," observed Mr. Dexter, "that Mr. Mc. Donald is right: for you observe, now, that his accent is quite foreign."

"Foreign or not foreign," said Lady Singleton, who never adopted the opinion of another, "he is a gentleman. I am not to be deceived, as

Ninon used to say: "*Sur ce chapitre on peut se rapporter à moi.*"

"Unquestionably," said Mr. Dexter, while Lady Florence stood in whispering consultation with her beaux, on the subject of the stranger's gentility.

Lady Singleton interrupting his tête-à-tête with Mr. Glentworth by advancing towards him, and addressing him with some cordiality, regretting that they had not the pleasure of his company at dinner on the preceding evening:

"We made an effort for it, however," said Lady Florence, advancing, with one of her soft smiles, and seizing on the sanction of Lady Singleton's authority to gratify her own inclination—"the gentleman, however, to whom we entrusted the embassy, had not the good fortune to overtake you."

The stranger bowed his thanks to both ladies, and replied, that he had immediately returned to his boat.

"At so late an hour?" asked Lady Singleton.

"Over the mere Rambler, Madam," returned the stranger, smiling, "*Time* holds no jurisdiction; he is the slave of the elements, and must submit to be governed by a cloud or a sun-beam. The wind, weather, and tide were so much in my favour last night, that I joined a convoy of fishermen, and anchored with their little fleet, about midnight, in the Bay of Ballycastle. I was repaid, however, for the exertion, by having enjoyed the prospect of some fine coast scenery, under the greatest possible advantages of *light* and *shade*, from the circumstance of a bright moon, and a quantity of massy clouds, drifted along the atmosphere by a vigorous sea-breeze."

"I should imagine," said Mr. Glentworth, "that the whole region would be best seen from the sea."

"Unquestionably," replied the

stranger, "if the season is favourable ; but a formidable sea, agitated by the western winds, which sweep over the Atlantic, frequently rolls along these shores, and renders it unpleasant, and indeed sometimes unsafe to coast them."

This observation led to some questions on the part of Mr. Glentworth, who informed the stranger of their intended route, and requested his advice. The stranger gave it with promptitude ; and in detailing the objects best worth attention, unaffectedly exhibited an intimate acquaintance with natural science, and a very correct taste for the picturesque and grand styles in the higher order of landscape. Meantime Mr. Dexter, after many fruitless efforts, succeeded in drawing away Lady Singleton and Lady Florence, leaving Miss O'Halloran, who stood behind Mr. Glentworth, *sole audistress*.

" I took the liberty of drawing you

away, Lady Singleton," he said, "just to mention to you, that that person, who is talking by rote something he has read in a *road book*, is neither *more nor less* than a gentleman's servant."

"Impossible!" cried the ladies in a breath.

"Very likely, Lady Singleton, but I believe it is true, nevertheless; for the Colonel and I, on examining the dog's collar, have discovered on it a CREST and a CORONET; so that in fact the dog must belong to the *man's* master, for the Earl *himself* would not be *vagabondizing* about the country in a shabby jacket, without servants, horses, equipages; and herding with filthy fishermen. All this, in my humble opinion, proves that *Mr. Mr. Donald* was correct, and that this person is my *Lord's valet*."

"Not a bit of it," said Lady Sin-

gleton : "he is some Irish nobleman ; or, at all events, by his distinguished air, address, and manners, he is not a person, *né d'hier*."

"Critically," replied Mr. Dexter, and followed the ladies back to the stranger, whose conversation with Mr. Glentworth he abruptly interrupted with—

"Upon my word, Sir, that dog of yours is a charming fine animal ; very fine indeed :—a curious old collar enough ; quite an antique ; rather rusty, but the crest is plainly to be seen—a cross ; the crest of some Catholic family, I presume, Sir ?"

"When that crest was adopted, Sir, by many illustrious families in Europe, there were none other but Catholics in Christendom," replied the stranger, coldly.

"Indeed, Sir ! Hém ! that must have been a long time back, indeed, Sir."

"No, Sir, *not so very long*," returned the stranger, drily.

"And here, I think, is an Earl's coronet," continued Mr. Dexter, drawing the dog to him, "and some letters not very plain. Pray, Sir, to whom does this very fine animal belong?"

"*To me, Sir*," returned the stranger, haughtily, and raising his voice.

"Indeed, Sir, so I thought; so at least I presumed: a fine animal indeed—very fine."

Lady Singleton now expressed a wish to examine the collar.

"I have some right to understand antiquities of all sorts," she said: "I have lived all my life among this kind of things."

The stranger took off the collar, which was of brass, very massive, and curiously wrought; it bore date 1603, and under an earl's coronet was traced in legible Roman characters—**TER-CONNELL.**

"It is a family relic," said the stranger, "and has lineally descended from father to son, till it came into my hands."

"Then," said Lady Singleton, "I presume we are addressing the present Earl of Tyrconnell, a title well known on the continent?"

"No, Madam," replied the stranger, reddening: "the title has long passed out of my family. I have no claim to it, whatever, though lineally descended from the *first Earl*. My name is *O'Donnel*."

He moved his cap, and bowed gracefully round as he thus announced himself, probably for the purpose of avoiding any further interrogatories.

"And mine, Sir," said Mr. Glentworth, bowing in his turn, "is Glentworth." He then, with the true politeness of good feeling, presented each individual of his party, in turn, to the stranger, not even forgetting the

generally forgotten Miss O'Halloran, who dropt an awkward courtesy, and set the Misses Singleton and their friend Mr. Dexter tittering.

"By the bye, Mr. O'Donnell," said Lady Singleton, "I knew a person of your name in Florence, above twenty years back, when my brother was envoy extraordinary at Leopold's court, when he was Grand Duke of Tuscany."

"Very possible," Madam, said the stranger: "the O'Donnell family is but too much distributed:* they are at this moment leaders in the armies of almost every great state but their own."

* The fate of many branches of this ancient Irish family is alluded to in Mr. Moore's beautiful and characteristic poetry in the *Irish Melodies*.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of your youth, among strangers to find
That repose which at home you had sought for in vain, &c.

"Yes," said Lady Singleton, "is a good name on the continent. There are the Spanish generals, and the Austrian generals, O'Donnel; but the person I mean was an Irishman of fortune; who made a *sensation* in Florence by losing his estate in two games of hazard to a certain English duke, whose name I shall not mention, as he happens to be my particular friend. O'Donnel only survived his loss three days; it was said he died of a broken heart. Was he any relation of your's, Mr. O'Donnel?"

"The person your Ladyship alludes to," returned the stranger, changing colour, "was, I believe, my relation."

Mr. Glentworth, who perceived the stranger's emotion, and who suspected it might arise from the disappointment of expected inheritance, endeavoured to prevent Lady Singleton from pursuing the subject, by observing that

he thought the title of Tirconnell was in the Irish family of the Talbots.*

“About the period marked on that collar,” returned the stranger, “Hugh O'Donnell, the celebrated chief of Tirconnell, fled, after the battle of Kingsale, to Spain, where he died. His brother Roderick took possession of the territories of Tirconnell; did homage to King James I.† and received the patent of an English Earldom, on ceding the title of his Irish chieftancy; to the great annoyance of the rest of his family. A few years afterwards, his

* The title has since been given at pleasure to the family of Fitzwilliam, and a few years back was bestowed by his present Majesty on General Carpenter.

† The letter of King James to the Irish chief on granting him the patent is extremely curious: it is on the Irish rolls. Through the kindness of Sir William Betham Ulster, King at Arms, I have been permitted to get a copy.—See note at the end of the 3rd volume.

possessions fell, with the five escheated counties of Ulster, to the King. Earl Roderick fled to Spain, and the patent of his Earldom became cancelled. It was again revived in favour of a branch of the Talbot family; but from that family also it has long since passed by forfeiture. For," he added, smiling, "titles in Ireland are uncertain tenures; happily, however, high descent and antiquity of blood are beyond the reach of forfeiture; as independence of mind and integrity of principle are beyond the reach of high sounding names to confer, or of power to take away or bestow."

"All very true," returned Mr. Glentworth, while Mr. Dexter whispered in Miss Singleton's ear, that that was a passage from "*Elegant Extracts*."

The party now descended towards the shore; and Mr. Glentworth, every moment more prepossessed in the

stranger's favour, asked him if Ballycastle was his head quarters; and if they had any chance of his society at the Giant's Causeway the following day. The stranger evasively replied, that he had no fixed plan, and that his movements were uncertain: but that it was his intention to devote *that day* to the beautiful *semicircular* sweep between the majestic promontory of *Benmore*, and the Basaltic rock of Carrick-a-rede: a fine feature on the coast toward the Giant's Causeway. The Causeway, however, he said, he had already twice visited, and he thought should not again explore; adding, with the air of a man who sought an excuse to part from his company, without committing a breach of good manners by betraying his desire:—"The person, from whom I have hired a sailing-boat, is waiting for me amongst the rocks, where he has anchored my little barge, while I took a view of these

ruins." He pointed as he spoke to a boat, whose little streamer floated gaily on the breeze. "In a few minutes," he continued, bowing, "the society I have the honour to enjoy will change the character of the gratification I derive from it, by forming a picturesque group in the distant view of my land prospect."

"Without wishing to spoil your view," said Mr. Glentworth, laughing, "I should prefer being the companion of your voyage."

"You are not singular in that wish," said Lady Florence, smiling; "and Lady Singleton and I have been just expressing our desire; *a la derobé*, that we could capture the vessel and commander for the morning."

"If your Ladyship condescends to make the attempt," returned the stranger, "no glory will be attached to an enterprise, to which no resistance will be made. The boat and its

commander are equally at your service."

"Though this was said with the ease of a man in the habit of saying such things, yet it wanted that ardor and cordiality of look and manner which should have marked its sincerity. Mr. Glentworth was so forcibly struck by the apparent dilemma to which he had reduced the stranger's politeness, that he was about decidedly to decline the offer, when Lady Singleton *decidedly* accepted of it.

"This is an amazingly good idea," she said. "We shall have an opportunity of seeing *Benmore*; and you can put us on shore whenever we please, Mr. O'Donnel."

"Undoubtedly, Madam," he replied, but with an air of absence.

"And as to our getting in late at Bush-Mills, there is a brilliant moonlight; so we will follow you if you please."

Left without an alternative, the stranger led the way, and the party in a few moments reached the rocky beach, where the boat lay anchored. Some sea-water had got into it, and the man in attendance on the stranger, was busy in emptying it out with his brogue, which he put on his foot the moment after, to the great amusement of the spectators.

The stranger, thus unwarily drawn in to belong to a party, which it was evident he had tried to avoid, seemed, however to turn the necessity of the case to the best account he could. Active, as vigorous, he towed the little vessel into a creek, where it was most accessible to the ladies, covered the seat destined for them with a large watch cloak; and, as they objected to the sail at first launching, took an oar himself, requesting any one of the gentlemen to take the other, that they might not be incommoded with his

own boatman. Before any of the gentlemen could accept or decline the offer, Lady Singleton had issued her command to Mr. Dexter.

“Come, Mr. Dexter,” she cried, “you know you are to have command of the pleasure-boat you are getting built for me, for the lake at Ballynogue; you shall now give me a specimen of your nautical performance—this is an excellent opportunity.”

Mr. Dexter, with real reluctance, but affected readiness, took the oar. *Bran* couched at his master's feet, and the gaily freighted vessel put off from shore—Mr. Glentworth and the ladies much pleased with the adventure; the Colonel and Mr. Vandaleur, with their usual apathetic philosophy, resigned to their fate; and Mr. Dexter disappointed that his hints and suspicions of the stranger had gone for nothing, and mortified and annoyed by the instructions and reproofs he re-

ceived from Lady Singleton, who frequently took the oar out of his hand, to shew, by example, how it ought to be plied. He appeared, nevertheless, the most satisfied of the party; his lowering brow alone contradicting the evidence of his obsequious smile, to such as observed its involuntary testimony.

Meantime the stranger, whose graceful figure, threw into exertion, exhibited a model of muscular force, proved himself

“No lounging landsman, labouring at the oar;”

and apparently more animated than fatigued by an exercise, which seemed familiar to him, he continued to converse with less reserve of manner than he had hitherto done, sometimes with the ladies, sometimes with Mr. Glentworth, but never with the two gentlemen, who had neither of them yet addressed him, and who sat with their

eyes half closed, as if not quite determined whether they should or should not fall asleep.

The day was breathlessly still, and the calm unruffled waters presented a glassy surface of one broad sheet of silver light. But notwithstanding this apparent smoothness, a majestic swell, heaving grandly forward, seemed at times to threaten a danger to the little bark, which did not in reality exist; for the long-rolling wave was only dangerous near the coast, where, broken and fretted by the rocks, it threw back its spray in columns of foam.

The ladies, at first intimidated, were gradually re-assured by the stranger, who took the best method of quieting their fear, by diverting their attention from its object.

Resting on his oar, he suffered the boat to float on the current towards the promontory of Benmore;* and as

* *Benmore*—the great head, as *Penmanmawr*.

he directed their attention to the wild waste of Basaltic columns, which, like some stupendous colonnade of art, spread beneath the mountain's towering heights, he observed to Mr. Glentworth, that he had ascended the promontory, from the land, to examine its gigantic architecture, in detail; but that to judge of its altitude and extent, its true character of wild and savage sublimity, he perceived it must be viewed from the sea. "As we now contemplate it," he added, "at this favourable distance, with its enormous Basaltic columns, and bold but formless precipices, it presents no faint image of the *debris* of some little world, which had become the sport of elementary revolution."

The Colonel whispered Lady Florence—"Quite Pindaric!" and Mr. Glentworth enquired if any measurement had been made of its elevation.

The stranger replied, that he understood its altitude, including the base, measured six hundred and thirty-one feet; that he had himself, on examination, found its pillars separable into smaller columns; the line of contact being obvious in some of the broken joints.

Lady Singleton observed, in direct opposition to her former opinion on the shores of the Red Bay (because weary of not observing something), that it reminded her so strongly of Mount Vesuvius, that she was pretty certain *Benmore* had been a *volcano*, though she supposed nobody had had the industry or ingenuity to discover it.

“Your Ladyship, then,” said the stranger, “is a disciple of the *volcanic doctrine*, and hold a belief in the identity of lava and basalt.”

Lady Singleton smiled, and said:—
“Why, I happen to know something of these things, having lived in vol-

canic countries; and I dare say, Mr. O'Donnell, you and I should agree very well on these subjects. You have been a good deal abroad yourself, I suspect; have been, perhaps, at Vesuvius?"

"No, Madam, never at Vesuvius, never at least sufficiently near to examine it; but I understand there are some Basaltic pillars to be found at Mount *Ætna*."

Lady Singleton immediately began a description of Mount *Ætna*, in which she was interrupted by Lady Florence, who called the stranger's attention to a remarkable fissure in the side of the promontory, with an arch formed over it by the accident of a fallen pillar, and which her Ladyship, in a plaintive voice, observed, seemed to threaten destruction to some wretched person passing underneath it.

The stranger assured her there was not the smallest danger; and added,

that that fissure was called, in the language of the country, *Cassan-an-Fhier Leith*; or the Grey Man's Path: but that the tradition which gave it the name was lost. "The person, from whom your Ladyship's fears are excited, is most likely some peasant-sportsman; coming in search of *eagles' eggs*, which are frequently found among these pillared cliffs. Numerous birds, indeed, build among the rocks on this coast, whose eggs afford a luxurious sustenance to the neighbouring fishermen, and 'would enrich the *menús* of more sumptuous tables."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Vandaleur, raising himself, and for the first time opening his lips since the commencement of the little voyage: "And pray, Sir, is there any game in this place worth speaking of?"

"A great abundance, Sir—*Plume et Poile*; the *barnacle* of this coast, the most delicate, perhaps, of the duck

tribe, is particularly fine, and in the language of the *Almanach*, has *plus de suc et d'esprit*, than almost any bird I know."

"I perceive, Sir," said Mr. Vandaleur, and his countenance brightened into intelligence, "I perceive that you speak *en amateur*."

"I do not merit that distinction, Sir," replied the stranger; "but I *have* lived where those things were understood."

"In France, perhaps?" asked Mr. Vandaleur.

The stranger bowed assent.

"In Paris?" he added, with new interest.

"Many years," replied the stranger.

"Then, Sir," he returned with a sigh, "you have lived in the *only place* where the *gastronomic science* is **REALLY** understood, and brought to perfection; though I am told it shared in the general shock of the Revolu-

tion. Not but we owe *some* excellent things to the nineteenth century. All the *sautés au supreme*, for instance, are strictly *revolutionary* dishes; but they cannot compensate for the *blanc-mangers* of the old *regime*. I don't believe you would find one French cook in London, equal to the *veau a la creme*: nor, indeed, are they better off in Paris, as I understand."

"The secret, however, I believe," returned the stranger, "is still preserved in *Languedoc*, where it originated, and where I have often feasted on the various *blanc-mangers* of Montpellier."

"You are a fortunate man, Sir," replied Mr. Vandaleur emphatically.

"Besides," continued the stranger, in the same tone of pleasantry, "we have come at the *mysteries* of Perigord, since the revolution; every *restaurateur* in *Paris* can now *truffer son dinde*."

"So I understand," returned Mr.

Vandaleur, with great seriousness.—

“ Pray, Sir, had you ever the good fortune to eat of any of the *dînés-bruns*, of *Robert L'ainé*? I am sure he is, out and out, the first *artist* of the age.”

“ I cannot say I have, Sir,” replied the stranger; “ but I have tasted the *petits poix*, of the celebrated *Morillon*; the dish which made his fortune, when he was but a simple *restaurateur* of the second class.”

“ Indeed!” said Mr. Vandaleur, “ We had *Morillon fils* for some time in town. He came over on speculation to found his own school here, but he had too much *science* for the *beef-steak* and *turtle* palates of the English. I thought, myself, he was deficient in *imagination*. When you eat of one of his dinners, you eat of all. However, his *Epigram de l'agneau* must render his name immortal, if he never had dressed another dish. His *fish sallad* too, with green jelly, was

good, but inferior to the *Bayonese* of my own cook, du Buisson."

During this recondite dialogue, which had impressed Mr. Vandaleur with a high respect for the stranger, as-being one who *had sat at good men's feasts*, Lady Florence and the Colonel were exchanging looks of sly derision; Mr. Glentworth was listening, much amused; and Lady Singleton, who *never listened*, and never was amused by any conversation but her *own*, was haranguing Mr. Dexter and her daughters on the subject of volcanos, craters, and eruptions, rivers of flame, and beds of lavas; in which scientific *tirade* she was interrupted by Mr. Glentworth, who proposed the hoisting of a sail, and their *tacking* for the Bay of Ballycastle; as it was now full time they should recommence their land journey.

"But, Mr. O'Donnell," said Lady Singleton, "what is there to prevent us coasting with you, as far as Carrick-

a-rede, and having our carriages to meet us there? We shall have the benefit of better prospects, and of your information on the subject of these shores at the same time; and we go on with our journey, you know, all the same."

"My dear Lady Singleton," interrupted Mr. Glentworth, in some embarrassment, "this is taking a very unfair advantage of Mr. O'Donnel's politeness. Indeed, we must not think of intruding further upon his time and pursuits."

The stranger returned his offers of service with the same politeness he had first made them, though not with more ardor; and it was agreed that the party should proceed by water to the little sea-port village of *Ballintory*, near Carrick-a-rede, where their carriages should meet them. To insure this arrangement, a fisherman, who was preparing his nets at no great dis-



tance from their boat, was hailed; and consented for a trifle to carry their orders back to the town. Mr. Glentworth therefore wrote on the back of a letter to his own man the necessary directions. As Mr. Dexter was handing them to the fisherman, he threw an expression of disgust into his countenance, and before the poor man was out of hearing, exclaimed:—

“ Bless my soul! a savage-looking fellow: what a filthy beast!”

“ Why you don't really expect, Mr. Dexter,” said Lady Florence, with an ironical smile, “ that a poor Irish fisherman is to be such a spruce, neat, nice-looking person, as you are yourself.”

“ No, Lady Florence, I don't expect that, nor any thing *like that*; but I should at least wish to see the same cleanliness and courtesy which is so remarkable in the English peasantry. But the fact is so far from this, that

the lower Irish are not a degree removed from the beasts they live with. They are perfect savages, and quite brutal in their manners, except when their cunning teaches them better. I think, Lady Singleton, I may be allowed an opinion on that subject; *for I know a little of them.*"

"I know a little of them too," observed the stranger, "and I must beg leave to differ extremely in opinion with you, Sir."

"I can scarcely think that possible," said Mr. Dexter, "if you really know *their ways* well, Mr. O'Donnell."

"It is nevertheless true," said the stranger, coolly, taking his seat at the helm, and steering for Carrick-a-rede, "The habits of the genuine Irish peasants are, it is true, those of poverty and degradation—Destitute of all the comforts of life, sometimes of its necessities, they are negligent of order and cleanliness; but with their habits

of life (the natural results of the former state of the country, and of their own penurious modes of existence), their conduct and manners bear no comparison; and so far are they from exhibiting in either, the ferocity of savage, or the rudeness of uncivilized life, that they are, perhaps, the most courteous peasantry of modern Europe. Long submission, indeed, to inevitable and conscious degradation, has almost given them a servile deference of manners towards their superiors; but it is impossible not to lament, that their natural tendency to civilization should not have operated under a happier influence, and taken a better and more independent direction."

"I am very much inclined to agree with you, Mr. O'Donnell," said Mr. Glentworth. "I have an estate in this country, which I have only visited for the first time, a few months back; but I must say, that from the little I have

seen of the lower orders of the natives, I am greatly prepossessed in their favour. Their shrewdness may sometimes pass for, and sometimes approach to, cunning (the natural quality of a people, who long had nothing but address to oppose to force, or to disarm oppression) but as far as my own dealings have gone with them, I have found them more *acute* than over-reaching; more tenacious of guarding their own rights than of infringing on mine. With respect to their *manners*, they are quite a solecism in the character of a people so situated.* Indeed, I have often

* In this opinion I am borne out by the testimonies of the agent of more than one great English landholder in Ireland, who from their situations have the best opportunities of knowing the lower orders. The English who visit, and the English who are *resident* in the country, are almost always her warmest eulogists, and best friends; and it is too certain, that the revilers of Ireland must not be sought for among strangers:

thought their extreme civility borders upon *servility* ; and, to English ears, at least, their strong and exaggerated encomiums give no very favourable opinion of their sincerity.

“ Apropos, we met a very genuine Irishman indeed, in the little town of Glenarm, who certainly shewed himself deeply versed in all the “small courtesies” of life, and who was as prodigal of his *Sirs*, and his *Madams*, of *your Honor*, and your *Ladyship*, as the people of this province are frugal of such epithets of distinction. I think he told us his name was Mc. Rory. His manner, look, and accent, were extremely amusing.” During this observation, the stranger had risen to arrange the sail ; but he replied, when again seated at the helm : “ There is certainly a strong line of demarkation between the peasantry of this and the other provinces. They are indeed, from obvious causes, a distinct race of

people ; being chiefly, though not universally, descendants of the remoter Scotch colonists, settled here by King James I. National, like individual adversity, tends, perhaps, to nurture the sensibility which it bruises ; and the acmé of Irish suffering had been passed before the Scotch colonists were put into tranquil possession of the soil. Their existing descendants resemble their progenitors, and are thrifty and laborious ; and their defect of manner is balanced by a bold sense of rights, inseparable from their Presbyterian creed. I do not, however, find that the *very* low classes are better educated than the same order of persons in the other provinces.

“ So much the better, Sir,” said Mr. Dexter, rubbing his hands ; “ though certainly their being *Presbyterians* and *not Papists* would make all the difference ; for, it is my opinion, that when the lower order of Irish are educated,

and get ideas, and all that sort of thing, there is an end of the country ; nothing but bloodshed and rebellion can ensue. And this, I believe, is the opinion of all *rational and loyal men.*"

" This is, indeed, Sir," said the stranger, " a very novel effect of education ; and this singular re-action of its influence upon the people must be peculiar to this country. In the land, whose shores we can now almost discern, it has not, I believe, been found so great an evil."

" Certainly not," said Mr. Glentworth : " the Scotch peasantry are at once the most enlightened, and most peaceable, the most industrious, and most loyal peasantry of Europe. But I think, Mr. Dexter, you do not perceive the indirect libel of your observation upon the government, to which you are, I know, so sincerely attached, The purpose of education is to fit us for the enjoyment of *civil rights*, by

moulding us to the performance of *civil duties*. National education can therefore alone be an object of jealousy and mistrust, when rights are withheld; nor can it even be esteemed *useless*, except by those governments, whose tenure being the sword, leaves the people no obligation but fear, no duty but obedience."

"It is a physical truth," returned the stranger, addressing himself wholly to Mr. Glentworth, "that the natural and invariable tendency of humanity is progress and improvement; but generally speaking, it is reserved for legislation alone, to remove such impediments as may oppose the bias. In every state, where the civilization of the people has been an object with the legislator, it has been proved that the moral education of the lower orders has re-acted beneficially on the sovereign who governs, and the law which protects. The histories of all countries

evinced, that the age of public ignorance is the age of fanaticism; and fanaticism, to whatever point it directs its fatal zeal, must necessarily lead to anarchy and misrule; and consequently to the subversion of natural rights, and the dissolution of natural affections. In fact, public *ignorance* is the true source of public *vice*. For my own part, I have always thought less highly of Franklin, for having drawn down fire from Heaven, than for the moral light he laboured to diffuse over the darkness of the vulgar mind. As Bacon observes: ‘Man is but what he knoweth,’ and if knowledge is *power* in the abstract, it is not less *virtue*; its direct tendency, therefore, can alone be happiness.”

“I must beg leave to differ with you in opinion, Sir,” said Mr. Dexter, pertly: “so far from knowledge being power, or any thing like it, I believe we all know, that the poets in all times have been

as poor as church mice; and I fancy, if they had power, poor fellows, they would not starve in their garrets. Indeed, I know of no instance in which knowledge and power go together, except in our Bishops, who certainly are powerful and learned both; though no poets. But, Sir, to turn your argument against yourself; if knowledge is power, that is the very reason why the Irish should get none; for then we should have catholic members of parliament, judges and generals; and then there is an end for ever of our glorious constitution, and the glorious ascendancy, and all that sort of thing, as I may say."

"No constitution can be more glorious," said Mr. Glentworth, perceiving a look of indignant contempt in the eyes of the stranger, "than that, which free from exclusions, by equal laws, equal protection, and equal privileges, engages every member of the commu-

nity in the interests, defence, and preservation of the whole."

"It is indeed," said the stranger, "an odd paradox, a most irrational expectation, that a participation in the blessings of good government, and a share in the conduct of the state, should dispose any set of men the more readily to conspiracy and rebellion. If these afford objects of apprehension and anxiety, what should not be feared from the jealousy of the excluded, and the despair of the disqualified."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Glentworth. "And this very *ascendency* is not more an evidence of such apprehensions, than it is the cause of their propriety. Ascendency is a relative term; it is an assumption on one part of the population, at the immediate expence of the interests, happiness, and undisputed rights of the rest: not a superabundance of power and authority *added to the one scale*, but a portion

of protection and security *taken from the other*. Where ascendancy is claimed by one tribe or cast, over others, subsisting under the same government, there is little chance of internal union, or of safety for either party. For duties and rights are inseparable, and the voluntary dereliction of the first, necessarily implies an abandonment of the second. The surest pledge, therefore, which can be given of the loyalty of the excluded, is their constant and unremitting efforts to be admitted to the rights and privileges of the government under which they live."

"Why, undoubtedly, Mr. Glentworth," observed Mr. Dexter, obsequiously, "there is no reason why *you* should not be right, seeing that you are a member of the greatest of all senates; for such I may say it is, except the *House of Lords* and the *Privy Council*. But I must say, Sir, with due deference, that the lower Irish are the

most worthless, and, above all, the most idle race of——”

“ I must beg leave to deny your assertion, Sir,” interrupted the stranger ; “ for a people, who, under circumstances of the greatest hardships, emigrate annually to procure *that labour* abroad which is denied them at home, cannot naturally be an idle people, however the means of industry may be denied them.”

“ Poor people!” said Lady Singleton, who had listened with a mixture of attention and impatience, to a conversation in which she only waited for an opening to take a part. “ Poor people ! I am quite of opinion that they want nothing but manufactories, commerce, and schools, to be a very clever people indeed ; and you must know, Mr. O'Donnell, that I mean to establish a bobbin-lace manufactory at Ballynogue. I have laid out, too, the ground for two school-houses, to be

conducted upon the Lancasterian system, modified according to some ideas of *my own*. *There is*, however, a system which sets the Bells and the Lancasters quite in the distance, and which was practised by a German professor at Vienna, when I was there, with great effect. It was termed *mne-monics*, and was the most expeditious and extraordinary mode of giving instruction that ever was devised. I don't know how it was done; but it was a most ingenious thing; for, without studying, thinking, or even learning at all (which certainly is a troublesome, slow process), all the languages and all the sciences were taught at once, in a few lectures, and to a thousand people together, as easily as to one. Now, Mr. Glentworth, I am sure we could make it worth the professor's while to come to Ballynogue and settle for a time; for, though at Paris, that stupid *Dieu-la-Foi*, at his

vulgar theatre De Vaudeville*, quizzed him most excessively, he was much admired by the English at Vienna. You may laugh as you will, Mr. Glentworth, but such a person introduced in Ireland would be a public benefit to the country."

"True," said Mr. Glentworth, "the professor's system would not be ill-adapted to the meridian of Ballynogue; for I remember that it was objected against the mnemonics, that they were injurious to the *thinking* faculty; an objection which could not apply in our case. For you know, my dear," he added, with a smile, "that since our arrival, the common people of Ballynogue have been saved the trouble of thinking themselves, by the kind and

* Among the *petits pieces* brought out by M. Dieu-la-Foi at the theatre *Vaudeville*, is one in which the character of Professor Fin-Merle had much success.

constant interference of their superiors."

"If that be the case," said Mr. Dexter, "there can be no great harm in educating the lower Irish: for, provided no *ideas* were communicated with their learning, it would alter the whole affair: and, to be sure, it would be a fine thing, to see the whole town and district of Ballynogue civilized, and taught, as I may say, at a *blow*."

"That, Sir, is no very *new* mode of instruction in this country," said the stranger, no longer able to suppress a laugh, in which he was generally joined by the rest of the party.

"What Mr. Dexter says, however, is very true," returned Lady Singleton, vehemently. "They would without loss of time or labour become well-informed people."

"You would make scholars then," said Mr. Glentworth, laughing, "of my Irish tenantry, as the Roman mis-

sionaries made Christians of the Saxons; and instruct a parish, as they converted a tribe, by one simple act of regeneration."

"I have no objection," said the stranger, to bestow a little of the professor's *mnemonics* upon my countrymen. Kindness and attention, whatever direction it takes, will never be thrown away upon them. But, perhaps, in good policy, the first lesson you should teach the Irish, should be the art of forgetfulness."

CHAPTER VII.

THE boat now glided through the channel of *Slunk na Marra*.* The island of Rathlen, or Raghery, rose on the horizon above the wild and turbulent sea, which beats against its inhospitable rocks.

"Here now," said the stranger, "we may command a perfect view of the *Ricini* of Ptolemy, vulgarly called *Raghery*, or Raahery-Eirin, the "Fort of Ireland."

"*Raghery!*" exclaimed Mr. Vandaleur: "that is the name of the delicious mutton, which our Irish acquaintance chose to *préné*."

"The island is famous for a small

* The hole in the sea.

breed of sheep, and of horses," returned the stranger: "and rude and insignificant as it now appears, it was once the scene of much monkish splendour. On it rose the Monastery of Columbus, or St. Columb-cill, the tutelar saint of these regions, whose rich shrine was ravaged by the piratical Danes. On it, too, still moulder ruins of the castle, which afforded an asylum to the gallant Robert Bruce, during the Scottish wars between him and Boliol." Then, turning to Lady Singleton, he said: "Your Ladyship may here again find a parallel between the scenery of the Italian and Irish coast. The channel between Rathlen, and various points of the main-land, are supposed to bear a resemblance to the straits of Reggio, which separate Sicily and Calabria; particularly in the indenting of the shores, and the vortices formed by the counter-currents."

"I have those delightful shores full

in my memory at this moment, but I confess I do not see the resemblance to which you allude," said Lady Singleton.

"Not in the features of the scenery, perhaps," he replied; "but the comparison holds good in many points. Among others, I may mention that singular phenomenon, the *Fata Morgana*, which has several times been seen from the shores, and forms nearly as fine a spectacle as in the straits of Reggio."

"I have conversed with many persons, who have beheld that extraordinary spectacle," said Lady Singleton, "though I have not seen it."

"Nor would it be difficult to find people here to bear testimony to similar magical appearances, Madam. It is indeed the established belief among the common people here, that a green island, covered with groves and gardens, and peopled with gay and busy

groups, rises every seventh year from the waves between this island and the promontory of Bengore, of which we now catch a view."

This led to a discussion between the stranger and Mr. Glentworth, which had the cause of such appearances for its subject, and in which the former shewed no less acquaintance with the pages of Smith and Newton, than to Mr. Vandaleur's imagination, he had exhibited an intimacy with those of the *Commestibles de Paris*, and *L'Almanach des gourmands*.

This scientific dialogue was at length however interrupted, by an exclamation of timidity and surprize from the lips of Lady Florence, who drew the attention of the company to the rude rocks and hanging bridge of *Carrick-a-rede*; which, though it would have afforded a beautiful feature in an imaginary landscape, exhibited a frightful image in a real scene. The sun was

hastening towards the west, and the lengthened shadows of the surrounding rocks were swept over the foreground of the coast, rendering it one broad expanse of massy darkness, save where a rude high cliff, projecting above the rest, caught on its points the rays of the sinking light. Carrick-a-rede, as it rose from the turbulent waves, seemed to have been wrenched, by the rage of some elementary convulsion, from the main-land cliffs, and separated from them by a frightful chasm of unfathomable depth. Between them, the sea foamed with horrid and incessant roar, even when all around was most calm and serene. Yet even amidst this desolation, the hut of some solitary fisherman sent forth its smoke from under the impending rocks; for even here the senses and imagination submitted to the government of necessity; and the passion of fear, amongst all that could most excite it,

was subdued before the more powerful dictation of imperious interest. Across the frightful interval, which yawned between rock and rock, and at a most awful height, was suspended a light hempen bridge, for the purpose of facilitating the business of the fishermen; and with no security from destruction, beyond *one single hand-rope*, to which from its length no tention could be given, did they pass over the gulf, neither dazzled by the distance beneath them, nor intimidated by the raging of the sea, which lashed the rocks at its base. The pilot had steered his little vessel in a direction favourable to the most picturesque view of Carrick-a-rede; and a variety of observations and remarks were offered by each spectator on an object at once so awful and so novel. The hempen bridge, though at the time unoccupied, was not to be viewed without sensations of dread and horror; as it evidently

hasten in
length
rock
of

considered even to the passing breeze.
"The human figure," said the stranger, "has almost a supernatural appearance, when seen from the water, on that fanciful and aëriel bridge."
"How very unlucky," said the Colonel, "that no accommodating fisherman places himself there for *le bien du spectacle*."

"Mr. Dexter," said Lady Singleton, "would you be afraid to make the attempt: you may depend upon it there can be no positive danger, since the thing is done every day. I will guarantee *that*."

"But if your Ladyship commands it, though the danger did exist as much as it certainly appears to do," said Mr. Dexter, "I would not the more hesitate to obey. Only it is very evident, to say nothing of my light weight (which would make destruction inevitable), that it would be impossible to land upon those cliffs among such horrible

breakers ; and therefore it is useless to attempt it."

" I should infinitely prefer," said Lady Florence, " seeing a picturesque figure upon that wonderful bridge, to the finest spectacle of the opera. I should not suppose," added her Ladyship, turning her soft eyes on the stranger, " that there now exists a man, who, to gratify a woman's wishes, would place himself in so perilous a situation ; and yet one reads of such things in the old legends and romances. *L'ame paladin* of a *preux chevalier* would not have refused such a test of implicit obedience to his liege lady: but the days of chivalry are over."

" That is undeniable," said the stranger; " but if ascending that bridge can amuse your Ladyship's imagination by recalling such days, it shall be done. I must however confess, though it diminish a little the glory of the enterprize, that having seen even wo-

men and children past it, in search of birds' eggs and sea-weeds on the opposite rocks, I have already made trial of my own head, and have passed and repassed it, without any tendency to vertigo."

He now lowered the sail, and rowed the boat towards a little creek, where the rocks were barely accessible, while triumph flashed from the bright eyes of Lady Florence, without one apprehension for the life of the person, at whose expense that triumph might be purchased. She thanked him with smiling graciousness. Lady Singleton, equally vexed at Mr. Dexter's refusal, and the stranger's prompt compliance with the wishes of Lady Florence, sat in sullen silence; while Lady Florence ventured to repeat, "You are too good, Mr. O'Donnell—this is really too flattering. This is indeed I'ame paladin, and beats Lord Herbert of Cherbury out and out."

The gentlemen could neither express a doubt of the stranger's safety, since he had asserted it, nor oppose Lady Florence's wishes, so directly expressed; they therefore remained silent.

The stranger, requesting Mr. Dexter to hold the rope he had thrown round a rock by way of anchorage, was already on the edge of the boat, and about to spring upon one of the slippery projections of the rocks, when his arm was suddenly arrested, and a voice murmured in his ear, "You are going to *risk* your life, and to be laughed at for your weakness." "*Laughed at!*" he repeated in a tone of astonishment as he turned round. The only person near him was the governess, and surprise for a moment so wholly overcame him, that he remained motionless. The little scene passed unobserved by all, and in the moment of suspended action, a wave, which rolled

silently forward, dashed the boat from its precarious moorings, and threatened imminent danger to the passengers. The ladies screamed; the boat, thrown among the breakers, was with difficulty prevented from oversetting. Mr. Glentworth and the stranger raised their voices in supplication, that they would not crowd towards the helm. They then recovered the oars; and with some skill, and more presence of mind, rescued the boat from its difficulties; and at the entreaty of Lady Singleton, and her frightened daughters, they rowed into the port of Ballantry.

Lady Florence was mortified that her triumph was incomplete; Lady Singleton was not displeased to witness the disappointment of her vanity; and the rest, relieved from the fears awakened by their recently impending danger, congratulated themselves on their escape and safety.

The carriages were now seen moving.

along the high road, at the distance of half a mile, and the party ascended from the beach to join them. The stranger remained a little behind to give some orders about his boat to a fisherman on the strand, while the group in advance discussed the necessity of offering an invitation to accompany them to the Giant's Causeway, and from thence, at Lady Florence's suggestion, to follow them to Lough Swilly. Lady Singleton thought it their interest to attach him to their party, since he was so intelligent a cicerone ; Mr. Glentworth asserted that common politeness and gratitude for his attention demanded they should make the offer, even though the talents and manners of the stranger did not render it their interest to do so ; Mr. Dexter *engaged* that he would be happy to accept such an invitation, and cultivate such an acquaintance ; the Colonel thought he certainly APPEARED a gentleman-like

sort of person; and Mr. Vandaleur observed that there was, at least, a tone of *savoir vivre* about him, which, if it did not *make* a gentleman, went very *near* to do so. Lady Singleton said she would ask him for the Giant's Causeway; and Lady Florence took upon herself to make the invitation for Lough Swilly. "And he can send orders to his servant," said Lady Singleton, "to follow him with his things."

While the party were thus engaged as they ascended the hill, the stranger followed them, and passed the Governess, who loitered indolently along, a few paces behind; but suddenly turning upon his steps, he joined, and abruptly addressed her.

"May I beg to know," he asked, "upon what grounds you accused me of weakness a little time back, and for what reason you supposed I should be laughed at?"

"You were going to do a foolish

thing, to gratify a foolish person," she returned with equal abruptness: "when people do so, I think they are generally laughed at ; don't you ?"

" They at least deserve to be so," said the stranger smiling: " but I do not allow the act was foolish, though I cannot answer for the wisdom of the person who commanded it."

" For the act, *that* is according to the value placed, or not placed, upon the life which would, I am certain, have been lost in its performance," she replied carelessly.

" In that point of view then," said the stranger, " the act was perhaps indifferent. Life, however, has not become less valuable for the effort made by your humanity to preserve it."

She replied negligently:—" I thought it a pity that a man should be dashed to pieces for a Lady's morning amusement, so I interfered ; that was all."

“ Well, Madam, whatever was the motive of your interference,” he returned, “ I am willing to credit, what you seem determined to suppose, that I am indebted to you for the preservation of my life, and this is to acknowledge no trivial debt of obligation.”

“ O then you think I made an extraordinary exertion for *you*? No, I acted on the impulse—I should have done the same for any one.”

This blunt speech, abruptly uttered, made the stranger smile, but it was not the smile of gratified self-love; and perceiving Mr. Glentworth turning back to meet him, he advanced with alacrity, as if not sorry to break up the irksome *conference* with his humane but ungracious companion. Mr. Glentworth took his *arm*, and as they approached the advanced party, he cordially urged his request that the stranger would not deprive them of the pleasure and information afforded by

his society, sooner than his own pursuits positively required. Lady Singleton then offered him a seat in her carriage, and expressed a hope, that he would accompany them that night to Port Rush, and proceed with them, the following morning, to the Giant's Causeway; while Lady Florence, with much grace and courtesy, followed up this invitation by her own. To the surprize of some, and the disappointment of the rest of the party, the stranger politely but decidedly declined. Good-breeding prevented importunity, and the stranger, having assisted the ladies to their carriages, and given some directions to the postilions, took his leave, and returned towards the shore.

It is a false maxim in the code of sentiment that, the "absent are always in the wrong."* Absence, on the con-

* "L'absent a toujours tort."

trary, like death, which it represents, absolves the error and cancels the injury, when no toleration is allowed in the actual and present existence of the object. Human infirmity seldom stands the test of close and perpetual communion, except where passion misleads, or sympathy weakens the judgment.—When placed, therefore, in accidental intimacy with persons, to whom we are at least indifferent, we become disgusted with faults and annoyed by follies, which, when viewed at a distance, and through the medium of memory or imagination, become but sources of ridicule or subjects of pleasantry.

The absence of the stranger, and his polite but firm rejection of further intercourse with his accidental acquaintances, rather raised than lowered him in the general estimation; but Mr. Glentworth was, at once, his sincerest admirer and warmest eu-

logist ; for the stranger had fascinated him.

“ I have always heard,” he said, “ that an educated and travelled Irishman made the most finished gentleman in the world ; unfortunately, however, these advantages are generally purchased at a melancholy price ; for, driven by religious and political disqualification to other countries for education and employment, their own remains deprived of their talents and their services. Whether this Mr. O'Donnel has been a traveller from necessity or inclination, he has certainly derived all the benefit which travelling can bestow, or education lend to native ability : he has more than once accused himself of being an idler : it is melancholy to think he may be so *from necessity*.”

“ In my opinion,” said the Colonel, “ his manners is a little quizzical, and is much too *manière* for our idea of *bon ton* : too much of the old school—

handing *in* and handing *out* the ladies, like a master of the ceremonies at an assize ball, and all that tiresome gone bye thing."

"Precisely, Colonel," said Mr. Dexter; "but I dare say he knew what he was about *there*—he, he, he! I think upon the whole there is something equivocal about him: for he certainly had a very shabby jacket on, rather thread-bare, for so *fine a gentleman*. Did your Ladyship remark that?"

"No," said Lady Singleton, "I never looked at his jacket; but his figure is that of the fighting gladiator in the palace Borghese, which is by much the finest thing in the world."

"*Critically*," said Mr. Dexter, "which makes one wonder the more he had not a better jacket on."

"I should not be surprized," said Lady Florence, "if he was a very vain and cold person. He seems to admire nothing but his great dog; and his re-

fusing to accompany us was so very odd."

"I don't at all doubt that he is an eccentric man," said Mr. Glentworth: "the objects of his present pursuit, and the manner in which they are followed, evince *that*. The impression given too by his air and manner also, is that of a person of a certain high-toned character, little calculated for the rough brakes of every-day life; and with all his *foreign* air, he is still *very Irish*, quick, sensitive, I had almost said irritable; and I dare say, with all the pride of all the Milesian *O's* and *Mac's* in the kingdom into the bargain."

"Exactly, Sir," said Mr. Dexter: "he has a sort of a way of reddening up, and of agreeing only when he likes himself, which, considering the company he had the good fortune to get into, was very impertinent, and at least impolitic. As to his refusing to join this party, I dare say, he thought

it would lead him into an expence he could not afford—for the poorer the Irish are, the prouder they are.”

Here the entrance of a late dinner, or rather an early supper, put an end to the conversation; and the next morning, the travellers, accompanied by such guides as their host recommended, continued their tour to the Giant's Causeway.

CHAPTER VIII.

A sudden change in the weather, guides ignorant and officious, and, in a word, the satiety of tastes only to be gratified by the novelty of a pursuit, rendered the Giant's Causeway an object of disappointment, rather than of admiration, to its capricious visitants.

The wild grandeur of *Pleashin*, the scenery of *Port-Noffor*, and the sublimity of Bengore, were lightly passed over, and the inconveniences of bad roads and worse inns were not compensated even by the unrivalled phenomena of nature, where she appears most awful and sublime, "with all her great works about her."

After, therefore, a cursory view of this magnificent Basaltic region, which

none enjoyed of the party, save Mr. Glentworth, they gladly directed their route towards Lough Swilly by Londonderry, where they remained a day, and then crossed a narrow part of the Lough in a barge commanded by the Commodore himself (who came to Londonderry to meet them), and gallantly *manned* by the officers of his own ship.

Among the latter were two young men of rank, known to all the party; and this reinforcement to their society was an unexpected acquisition. Lady Florence also met her only son, who was a midshipman at eleven years old, and for whom she exhibited much *picturesque affection*. Every caress was a study; her graceful fondness excited general admiration, and continually reminded Mr. Dexter, in particular, of some passage from *Elegant Extracts*; but whether it was *Andromache* and her son, parting from

Hector, or something about Venus and Cupid, he could not exactly remember.

The large and commodious house occupied by the Commodore* was the deserted mansion of an absentee, raised on a commanding eminence, which united in its prospect all the most romantic features of the most opposite style of scenery; the sea, lakes, and mountains—glens, vallies, and smiling plantations.

The usual resources, which people of the world seek against the intrusion of tedium and sameness in places of

*Although the banks of *Lough Swilly* (which is an arm of the sea, meeting the river *Swilly*) exhibit many dreary tracts of mountain in a state of the rudest nature, yet some of the low grounds are very rich, and some beautiful seats are to be seen in a high state of cultivation and improvement, dropt, as it were, in the midst of a region savage and wild beyond description.

See Statistical Survey of Donegal.

retirement, were here eagerly pursued and quickly exhausted. Mr. Glentworth had nothing to read; Lady Singleton nothing to order; Mr. Vandaleur nothing to eat; the Colonel nothing worth quizzing; and Lady Florence nothing worth flirting with. Mr. Dexter alone found constant occupation; played chess with Mr. Glentworth, backgammon with the Commodore, cards with the ladies, and shuttlecock with the Misses Singleton. Notwithstanding, however, the resources afforded by his talents, each began to think it time to *porter leur ennui ailleurs*, in spite of Lady Florence's entreaties to detain them, when an unexpected order reached the Commodore from the Admiralty, to join the fleet off***. Two days after the receipt of the order, he sailed with his little squadron, leaving the delighted and enchanted Lady Florence to settle with the agent for the house, and to ré-

turn to England with Lady Singleton, who had also invited Mr. Vandaleur to be of their travelling party. In something more than three weeks, therefore, from their arrival on the shores of Lough Swilly, the tourists recommenced their travels, and at last set out for Donaghadee.

They had now no longer the accommodation of the barge: their land journey was not only extended, but lay through a mountainous region, with which they were best acquainted on the map; but Mr. Dexter having undertaken to conduct them the first stage, with which he said he was perfectly acquainted, having rode there with one of the officers, the party then began their journey under his guidance: for their drivers were their own servants, and consequently strangers to the roads:

The travelling arrangements, however, had undergone some change since

they had first set out from the Bishop's. It was now the middle of October ; the weather was severe for the season ; and Lady Florence, obliged to resign her seat in the curricie, took the vacant place in the barouche. Mr. Dexter resigned his to Mr. Glentworth ; and, keeping to the spirit of his original agreement, accepted the command of the curricie, in which he led the van. The Colonel chose a more comfortable situation in Mr. Vandaleur's travelling chaise ; while the servants were dispatched on the preceding day to make the necessary arrangements for sleeping at the town of***, the intended termination of their first day's journey. Their road, if road it could be called, on which the wheels of any vehicle had seldom tracked, lay through the wild and mountainous region, which skirts the western shores of Lough Swilly. High unbroken mountains, rude and dark heaths, fractured and disjointed

rocks, dismal in hue, and dismantled of herbage, were the prominent features of a route, which presented nothing curious to excite wonder, nothing sublime to awaken admiration. The carriages proceeded slowly and perilously over fearful acclivities, or through more fearful ruts. Scenes of melancholy wildness and desolation succeeded each other, and though the best road was bad, Mr. Dexter had, in the confidence of ignorance, chosen the worst.

His carriage skimming over a surface which put the more weighty vehicles to a dangerous test, he proceeded with velocity, and, wholly engaged in managing the safety of his own limbs and life, was careless, or rather unconscious, of the risk encountered by those who were blindly following their ignorant leader.

The cheerless noon of a cloudy day had already elapsed; the shadows of the overhanging mountains produced

a premature evening ; and the sea-blasts rushing along the ravines, foretold a rising storm ; when the travellers, emerging into a new region, found themselves on the edge of a heath, varied only by a few shattered rocks overgrown with a brown moss, that almost confounded them with the heath in which they were embedded. A new range of mountains, to which a faintly marked road conducted, extended themselves along the now distant horizon.

“ A fine champaign country ! ” cried Mr. Dexter, standing up, and hallooing through his hands ; then whipping his horses, with some skill and a good deal of difficulty, he continued his route rapidly across the plain, and soon distanced the cavalcade, which had chosen him for their leader.

The champaign country was indeed a flat and tiresome expanse, two or three miles in length ; but it was at

the same time a treacherous bog: its deep pools were concealed by rushes, and its deeper ruts covered by moss, which trembled even to the lightest pressures. The road, artificially constructed, was rudely put together for the mere purpose of drawing turf, and therefore not calculated to sustain a heavier vehicle than those used for that purpose. The gentlemen, who, even in the light travelling chaise, followed Mr. Dexter, *non passibus æquis*, were at last obliged to alight, and assisted the coachman in dragging the unencumbered vehicle over a "bad step;" that is, a spot where the stony foundation of the road, sinking engulfed in the soft bog, had intersected the passage with a deep and almost impassable slough. With much difficulty, and some slight injury to the springs, their purpose was effected: when, resuming their seats, and casting many anxious glances after their leader, they

proceeded toward the mountains, in the true egotism of *their cast*; wholly bent on self-preservation, to the exclusion of every thought for those who followed.

Meantime, with more difficulty and more danger, the heavier carriage endeavoured to keep pace with those which had preceded it. The horses, labouring through the swampy soil, were frequently unable to get on, though the postillion, on foot, drew forward the leaders. In spite of every care, on their arrival at the "bad step," which the light chaise had so difficultly passed, the leaders sunk shoulder deep into the bog, and in the effort which they made to extricate themselves, with a furious plunge drew forward the carriage, and overturned it. Luckily, upon the first alarm, Mr. Glentworth and the ladies had alighted; and, notwithstanding the increasing darkness, the sharpness of the sea-

blast, and the heavy drops of rain which fell at intervals, the ladies persisted in walking on, until the carriage should have passed the perilous swamp, and have regained the comparative safety of the mountain road. Mr. Glentworth, therefore, and his fair charge proceeded at a rapid pace till they reached the extreme verge of the bog. Here three cross roads presented themselves to their choice; but to whatever point they turned their eyes, neither curricule nor chaise could he perceived. The good sense of Mr. Glentworth could only afford a general idea of the route which they should pursue. He knew it must be to the south-east; but as they could not proceed without running the risk of missing their carriage, which, from the increasing darkness, was not yet in sight, he placed the ladies under a cleft in the rocks, to shelter them from the rising storm; and impatient at the protracted delay,

he was about to return to expedite the carriage, when one of the postillions arrived with the intelligence, that in raising the coach, the springs had given way, and that it was impossible to go forward without more assistance.

The vexations of life are not always to be estimated by their dignity; and there is, perhaps, no annoyance more perplexing than the cross accidents of a journey, sharpened by the accumulated evils arising out of time, place, season, and weather. In a wild and unknown region, on the eve of a dark and stormy night, without any appearance of human habitation or relief, Mr. Glentworth found himself surrounded by five helpless and complaining women, unable alike to go forward or to return, and without even a spot to shelter them from the inclemency of the night. Lady Singleton, instead of soothing, added to his vexa-

tion, by laying their misfortunes to his account.

"If, Mr. Glentworth," she cried, in a tone of peevish impatience, "you would have suffered the postillions to drive on fast, and keep up with the curricie, as *I* ordered them, and as *I* knew was right, this would not have happened."

"Even so," said Mr. Glentworth, "we should but have anticipated our misfortune, and we should now be in the middle of that horrible morass, instead of enjoying the comparative protection of these mountains; for, slowly and quietly as we drove, you see the carriage was not proof against the treachery of these swampy roads."

There being no person present to admire her fortitude, or observe her equanimity, Lady Florence gave way to the natural feebleness of a character, to which vanity alone lent an affected firmness. Her vague and tiresome com-

plaints, her asserted causes of danger and fear, afforded sanction to the tears which flowed from the excessive timidity of the Misses Singleton, who saw nothing but *wolves* and *banditti*, and all the horrors conjured up by her nervous imagination. In the meantime, Miss O'Halloran, laying aside her usual indolence and heaviness, climbed from rock to rock, with something of the fearless agility of the mountain-goat, and soon returned with intelligence that the road towards the left led to the shores of Lough Swilly, though at some distance; and that the grey smoke of a cabin chimney was visible among the rocks in that direction. Mr. Glentworth, who had been turning all possible resources and plans of action in his mind, received this information with great pleasure, and applauded Miss O'Halloran's acuteness and presence of mind, who, after all, had taken the best, though not the most ordinary

way, of relieving them from their difficulties. He now, therefore, dispatched the postillion to fetch back one of the horses, and to bring him a brace of loaded pistols, leaving the rest of their travelling arms with the coachman, and the other postillion, to watch the carriage and luggage. Mr. Glentworth's plan was now to make for the habitation discovered, or *supposed*, by Miss O'Halloran; and by the direction of its inhabitants, to send his postillion forward to the nearest town, from whence proper assistance could be procured. The chance of overtaking the other carriages that night he gave up as hopeless; when, therefore, the postillion returned with a brace of pistols, and one of the horses, which he led, the party proceeded with timid and cautious steps through the narrow defiles of the mountains, towards the point, from whence Miss O'Halloran had perceived the smoke

ascending. The rocky shelvings of the mountains, as they advanced, almost met above their heads; sometimes abruptly receding, they admitted the storm in all its force; and again closing with a cavernous effect, they threw the uncertainty of profound darkness over the steps of the dispirited wanderers. No grey smoke was now visible; no ray of twinkling light streamed from "the loop-hole window of clay-built habitation:" all was darkness and doubt; or fancied, or real danger. Lady Singleton's fertility of resource now wholly failed her; her subdued spirit, unable to dictate, found vent in complaint and reproach, which flowed alternately against Mr. Dexter, Mr. Glentworth, the coachman, Miss O'Halloran, and, above all, the country itself—the savage, wild, neglected, barbarous, inhospitable country. Mr. Glentworth, less to refute the invectives of Lady Singleton,

than to engage the attention of his timid party from their fears, answered her with great pleasantry; defending in turn all the parties accused, and asserting that their adventure was, in the true spirit of romance, inevitably incidental to their situation as ramblers; and for the savage wildness of the country, he observed, that he could point out scenes as wild in their native Derbyshire. While he spoke, the postillion, a stout lad, endowed with an increase of spirit by the possession of his pistols, stopped his horse, and after a moment's pause, cried aloud, "Who goes there?"—At this sudden interrogatory, the affrighted women clung round Mr. Glentworth with stifled emotion, who asked of the postillion in an angry voice: "What do you mean, John, by that question—who are you speaking to?"

"Look, Sir," replied John, "on the

top of that rock to the left : do you see nothing like a ghost, or highwayman, clinging, as it were, to the branch of a tree?"

"Nothing, John," replied Mr. Glentworth, coolly, "that in the least resembles either;" but as he spoke, he drew forth his pistol, for he *did* perceive a large figure stealing down the frightful acclivities of the mountains, and which, hid for a moment among the underwood, again emerged more distinct and obvious to the view.

Mr. Glentworth silently put the women behind him, under the shelter of a rock, watching the motions of the figure; while John, impatient, either from fear or courage, cried out again: "I say; who goes there?"

"'Tis me, dear," answered a voice from above; and the figure of the speaker, more distinctly seen than it had yet been, gradually descended the

perilous heights, carrying down with every hazardous step masses of rock, of herbage, and of earth.

Meantime Mr. Glentworth awaited the result of this descent with all possible coolness; and, as the person appeared alone, without any apprehension, while John again repeated: "Who goes there? Speak! who are you; or I'll blow your brains out."

"Devil a foolisher thing then, ever you did," replied the voice, "in the way of getting information:" and while the speaker continued to descend, he added: "Who is it I am, you want to know? why then, bad luck to the bit of myself knows who I am, nor *where* I am; for sure I've lost myself intirely among these thieving mountains, and my curse on them; they're the devils! God pardon me for saying so, in regard of putting one astray on a dark night." "Mc. Rory!" cried Mr. Glentworth, by degrees recognizing the curious ac-

cent and idiom of their quondam acquaintance at Glenarm.

“Who calls?” cried Mc. Rory, springing from a rock at a fearful height, and coming down upon his feet, with a weight sufficient to have dislocated every joint in a less powerful frame: a quantity of loose earth, and disjointed rock, fell with him.

“Then I am right,” said Mr. Glentworth. “Mc. Rory, do you not remember the travellers you met at Glenarm?”

The ladies now rushing eagerly from their hiding-place, approached the astonished and bewildered Irishman; all addressing him at once, without leaving Mr. Glentworth an opportunity of asking a single question; while Mc. Rory stood motionless in the middle of a circle, which seemed conjured round him by enchantment, and on which a rising moon now threw from the scattered clouds a feeble light.

"The Lord Jasus be good to me, now, and evermore, amen!" cried Mc. Rory, crossing himself; "for surely this *bates* the world, fairly, so it does; to see the English quality that I left safe and snug in their coaches, as good as a month ago, upon the *Shaughraun*,* I may say, this blessed night, among the mountains of Kilmecrennan, the *leedies*, and the *females* and all; sure I took ye'z for the good people † at first, so I did," then rubbing his knee, he added:

"Oh! Jasus, but I got a *cruel* joulting off that thief of a rock, so I did; but any way, ye'z are all heartily welcome to County Donegal. So ye'z are," and he made a low bow to the whole party.

* *Shaughran*, a very expressive Irish word in frequent use, meaning unprovided for, or on the look out.

† Good people, the fairies, great frequenters of mountains.

Mr. Glentworth then informed him of their misadventure, in a few words, and begged his assistance, observing that they would deem themselves very fortunate if they could obtain shelter for that night, even in a cabin, if no better asylum could be procured.

“A cabin!” repeated Mc. Rory: “troth, and I’d be heartily sorry to put the *likes* of ye’z in a cabin, any way, while the fine ancient ould Abbé has a house over his head; which he has’nt, in regard of his being dead and buried these two months—pace be with him! but you and your’s, your Honour, shall be remarkable welcome to the best the place affords, and a snug little place it is, not a stone’s throw off, neither, as I may say.”

Although this speech of Mc. Rory’s was rather unintelligible, yet, as it evidently included an invitation for the night to some house in the neighbourhood, superior to a cabin, and as they

had no alternative, he resolved to accept the offer, and desired Mc. Rory to lead on. Lady Singleton, who had now sufficiently recovered her spirits to be able to dictate, drew Mr. Glentworth a little aside, and accused him of imprudence in thus throwing them into the *power* of a person of whom they knew nothing, and whose appearance in such a place, at such an hour, was at least *suspicious*. Mr. Glentworth argued, from the honest countenance of Mc. Rory, his frank and simple manners, and the dilemma to which they were reduced, calling upon her to propose some better plan than that which he had adopted.

“ I will, at least, sift him well,” said Lady Singleton, “ before I put myself in his power;” and turning to Mc. Rory, she said :—

“ Mr. Mc. Rory, I must observe to you that I think it rather extraordinary we should find you in such a place as

this, at such an hour; and I must insist on knowing what brought you here, for it is a suspicious circumstance."

"Why then it is remarkable *extrordinary*, Madam, sure enough; and it's little I thought of meeting the likes of you here bove all places in the world; troth; and I thought it looked mighty UGLY at first when I saw ye'z all below me, for I was crassing the mountain, after going as far as *Kilmacrennan* church,* with a decent young man, a friend of mine, who went to be buried this morning; and when the dark came on, I lost my way fairly, so I did, among these devils of mountains."

"So, you were returning from a funeral; but before I proceed any fur-

* Kilmacrennan, a poor depopulated town. Part of the friary founded here by the O'Donnells still remains. Near to this town is a rock, on which the O'Donnells, Princes of Tirconnel, were always inaugurated.

ther, I must know exactly where abouts we are, Mr. Mc. Rory."

"Why, Madam, you are at this blessed moment, above all the days in the year, in the *Prowince* of Ulster, County Donegal, Barony of *Kilmacrennan*, district of Clonaghneally, and the parish of *Bailemagrabhartagh*."*

"Well then, lead on, Mr. Mc. Rory," cried Lady Singleton, in a tone of command; and the party proceeded down a gloomy ravine in the mountain.

"But," continued Lady Singleton, "if we are *really* in a *parish*, I must beg you will take us to the Rector's or the Curate's, or whoever the resident clergyman is."

* The Abbey of this name, in the Diocess of Raphoe, was founded by St. Colomb-kill, St. Columb's celebrated relic (now in the O'Donnel family), called the *Cathach*, was said to have been preserved there.—See note at the end of the second volume.

“ O ! not a *residentifier*, in the way of a *minister*, there is, Madam, in the whole parish, nor protestant neither, though it is a mighty fine parish and great tithes;* but sure, if the great Bishop of Derry was hard bye, *convenient*, you should put this night over ye’z at the master’s any way, which is just at the end of the turn to the lift among the rocks towards the Lough-down forenent there.”

“ You are conducting us then to your master’s house,” said Lady Singleton.

“ No, Madam, I am not; but to the fine ancient ould Abbé’s—God rest him—th’ Abbé O’Donnel—Father Malachy O’Donnel.”

“ O’Donnel !” repeated Mr. Glentworth.

* “ I have found parishes in my Diocess that never have seen a Protestant minister.”—*Bishop of Limerick’s pastoral letter.*

" Good heavens ! " exclaimed Lady Florence ; " how odd ! Is the Abbé a tall distinguished looking person, rather handsome ? "

" He is, my Lady — that is he is nat, in respect of being dead and buried ; but he *was* as pretty and as fine a looking old gentleman as you'd wish to look on, and mighty like the master — only not so young in regard of his being his grand-uncle. He had a mighty elegant *berring*,* and was laid in the very Abbey grounds his own ancestors founded before the flood : for we carried him all the way to the Abbey of Donegal† by his own particular

* *Berring*, funeral—from burial.

† The Abbey of Donegal is romantically situated on the bay of that name. A monastery for Franciscan Friars was founded here in the year 1474, by O'Do Roe O'Donnel, Prince of Tirconnel, and by his wife Fionguala, daughter of O'Brien, Prince of Thomond.—O'Do died 1505. Roderic O'Donnel, Bishop of Derry,

desire ; the master attended the corps, and there was'nt a dry eye in the place."

"What is your master's name?" asked Mr. Glentworth, impatiently, in the hope of obtaining a *direct* answer by a *direct* question.

"What's my master's name, your Honor? Why, *Roderick*—*Roderick* is his Christian name ; I ought to know that well, any way, being christened at the self same time with him myself, for sure we are fosterers ; *Roderick O'Donnel* is his name ; Colonel Roderick O'Donnel, and a real undoubted Prince if he had his due."

"And where is Colonel O'Donnel?" demanded Mr. Glentworth, eagerly.

"Why then, troth, your Honor, I could'nt tell you that, barring I'd tell

who died 1550, was interred here. There was in this house a well-chosen library.

WARE—MONASTICON.

you a lie, for I parted with him at *New Town Glens* when I went to keep my station; and I never *set eyes* on him since, only *by letter*; for since his uncle died he never cares to keep at home, but he's wandering about with a bit of a boat he has; and not at all *hearty*, but quite the *CONTRARY*; and if he was *in it*, its himself would give you the *céad-mille-fáltha**, so he would; but ye'z are welcome any how, and the best that the place affords is at your service."

"Then you are taking us to your master's house in his absence?" asked Mr. Glentworth; while the rest of the party agreed, in a low voice, that this Colonel O'Donnell could be no other than the Cicerone of the shores of Bénémore.

"I am taking ye'z to the ancient

* Ten thousand welcomes.

ould Abbé's house, which is the master's *now by will*; and it's little enough for a man who owns the county round from *Derry-gates* to the Bridge of *Brun-dorush*; that is, his people did in the ould times, the Princes of Tirconnel, though devil a prouder Prince among them all nor himself; and well he may, long life to him."

"This is quite an unexpected adventure," said Lady Singleton, "and almost worth the purchase of our fatigue.—I expect a great deal from it."

"It is unfortunate, however," added Lady Florence, "Colonel O'Donnel should not be at home to receive us."

Mr. Glentworth now obtained the best information he could from Mc. Rory, relative to the nearest town, from whence they could get assistance for the carriage, and Mc. Rory promised to find a messenger immediately to dispatch for that purpose; adding, that he

would see the sarvants and the cattle taken care of that night before he slept; and that Larry Mc. Quire, the smith, would mend up the coach in no time, once he set about it, for he is a fine mechanic, your Honour, and would earn as good bread as any man in the barony, only for the whiskey.

The wanderers now issued from the gloom of the mountain ravine into a glen formed in the midst of an amphitheatre of rocks, which, by an abrupt opening, admitted a full view of the noble estuary of Lough Swilly.* The drifting winds, which swept over the waters, had scattered away every vapour from before the face of the heavens; and the moon, broad and resplendent, threw a flood of silver light upon a scene indescribably wild and romantic. On the summit of one of

* There are many romantic little glens among the wildest of the Donegal mountains,

the shelving rocks, a ruin of some extent was visible; and underneath its shadows, and almost of one substance with the cliff of which it seemed a part, a small house or cottage was rendered most distinguishable by the smoke of its chimney. It was a formless but picturesque structure, evidently created out of the materials of the ruins which mouldered above it, and within view of a steep torrent, which descending from the mountains, dashed from point to point of the rocks over which it flowed, and formed a small but noisy stream, on its passage through the glen to Lough Swilly.

All about the house was dark and silent, and Mc. Rory endeavoured to obtain admittance by a door, which he said, "opened at *once't* into the master's own room;" but it resisted his efforts.

"Well," he said, turning round, "the devil is'nt able for this door

when it takes *the staggers*,* as often it does."

He then advanced to the hall-door, and gave so gentle a rap, that Mr. Glentworth observed, it was impossible any one within could hear.

"Why, your honour, there is nobody at home, only ould Mary, and I would'nt wish to disturb the cratur but as little as possible, for I'll engage she has tould her *padreens*† and gone to rooste long since."

He then knocked a little louder, and in a few minutes a person appeared at a window, and spoke to him in Irish; he replied to her at some length in the same language, pointing to the party, who accompanied him, and the door was opened, and an old woman appeared with a light in her hand. She courtesied low, and addressed the

* Literally copied. † Padreens—beads.

party in Irish, while Mc. Rory apologized for her by saying,

“ The cratur has no English,* being an ould Irish servitor; but she welcomes ye’z all heartily.”

The party now followed Mc. Rory and the old woman into a sort of room on the ground-floor, which resembled the idea generally formed of a Spanish inn. The earthen floor was neither very clean nor very level; the rafters of the ceiling, through which the thatch was visible, were black with smoak. A large cavity under the chimney, faced with two posts supporting a third, laid horizontally along them, formed the fire-place; and a quantity of turf, heaped on the extensive hearth, was blown into a flame by the old woman, who

* The remains of the old Irish clans are to be found in the mountain regions of Donegal, and there English is very little known.

Statistical Survey of Donegal.—Page 101.

had squatted herself before it, and was blowing it with her petticoat. A few wooden shelves, on which some culinary articles were arranged, occupied one side of the walls; and on the other, stood a large old cumbrous settle.

Notwithstanding the fatigue and disappointment which the travellers had undergone, surprize and curiosity now mastered every other feeling. In Mr. Glentworth alone a sentiment more profound prevailed; compassion for an man, who, with talents so distinguished, and a character so interesting, was destined perhaps to wear away the vigour of his life in a solitude so remote and dreary, in a dwelling so comfortless and lowly; for whatever might be the story of this singular and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Glentworth could not discard the suspicion, which had forcibly obtruded itself on his mind, that his fortunes were at

variance with the loftiness of his spirit, and the refinement and elevation of his character. He rejoiced, therefore, that the stranger was abroad, and not in the way of having his feelings and his pride put to the blush by the unavoidable exposure of his circumstances, which, on the first appearance of things, seemed to be so much below mediocrity.

While the ladies were crowding round the fire, and casting their eyes in every direction, Mc. Rory, who had for a moment left the room, returned with a bottle and glass in his hands, saying :

“ I humbly ax your pardon for shewing ye’z into the kitchen, but Mary will take in a *griddle* full of *kindling* to the master’s room in no time, and I advise ye’z all to try the least taste in life of this—devil a harm it will do ye’z—no, but all the good in

the world ; and I'll engage it will warm your hearts better nor all the fires, that ever were lit on a St. John's Eve."

" Why, this is whiskey, Mr. Rory," said Mr. Glentworth, tasting it ; " smoked whiskey."

" It is, Sir, surely ; the real *Inisowen*, the best *Pottteen** that ever was brewed."

The ladies, however, declining to tast the *Inisowen*,† Mc. Rory put it aside, and went to assist Mary in making a fire in his master's room. In a few minutes he returned, and conducted them into the little parlour, which he had vainly attempted to enter by the door, which had *taken the staggers*.

A turf fire already blazed, and Mc. Rory lighted a little lamp which hung from above the chimney-piece.

" And now," he said, " before I look

* Whiskey made illegally in a small pot.

† *Inisowen* is famous for this liquor.

to getting a *toothful* for your Honour and the ladies, I'll just step and send your servant boy back with a drop of comfort to the craturs in the bog, that are watching the coach; and if your Honour will be plased to consint to it, we'll bring the CATTLE *here*, for there is room plenty in th'ould *cow-stall*, and a *lock* of hay to boot, for the craturs; for if they were left all night in the bog, your Honour, they'd be after getting the *cruppan* in respect of eating the *keebduh*,* and when the tide is out, your Honour, which it will be before eight o'clock, plase God, we can send the boy and the baist across the strand to the town for Larry Mc. Quire and his tools."

As nothing better than his plan could be suggested, Mr. Glentworth expressed his approbation and thanks

* Cruppan, a disease contracted from eating the black bog rush; *Keeb-duh*, a black rush.

to Mc. Rory for proposing it, who went immediately to put it into execution, crying:

“ O! you’re no ways obliged to me, at all, your Honour; troth, I wish I could do any thing to sarve you or your’s, and I’d do it with all the veins.”*

When Mc. Rory had withdrawn, the attention of the party was attracted to the style and furniture of the little room which they now occupied, and which excited, while it amused, their idle curiosity. The floor, only better than that of the kitchen by being cleaner, was uncarpeted; the windows, though screened by shutters, were uncurtained; the hearth was ungrated, and the walls were simply white-washed. A large old-fashioned sofa, a few deal chairs, two oak tables, a reading-desk, and some hanging shelves, com-

* With all the veins in my heart.

prised the whole furniture: but the shelves were laden with books in almost every language. The larger table was covered with the results of scientific research, mingled with papers, manuscripts, and some mathematical instruments. A large book lay open on the reading-desk; the character was beautiful, and the vellum pages illuminated. An antique sword, of most curious workmanship, was suspended over the chimney-piece; and the Pedigree of the *O'Donnell* family, beginning with *Niall*, of the nine hostages, hung beneath it. But the object which most attracted, and longest fixed their attention, was the picture of a man in a religious habit. Between this picture and the stranger, they observed a striking resemblance. Time, however, and deep thought, seemed to have given lines to the countenance of the picture, which could not be traced in the stranger. Imagination

would have placed such a head on the shoulders of Cardinal Wolsey, in his disgrace. The expression was, grief and disappointment, preying on the energies of genius and ambition. The picture appeared to be impannelled in a door.

“ This must be the Abbé Mc. Rory spoke of,” said Lady Singleton, “ by the *petit collet*. I dare say he was a pretty dangerous sort of person. All Abbés that I have ever known were *Tracassier*; and that must have been a Jesuit by his countenance.”

“ He was much too handsome for an Abbé,” said Lady Florence: “ quite as handsome as his nephew, only not so young.”

“ It is, indeed, a most acute countenance,” said Mr. Glentworth.

Here Mc. Rory entered, and having informed Mr. Glentworth that he had dispatched provisions to the craters in

the bog, he begged to know what the ladies would please to have.

"There is as nice a bit a bacon to the fore," he said, "as ever hung in a chimney corner; and in regard of a fresh egg, I'll pit the *brackit hen* against the world; and troth, if she never laid an egg, the cratur, we would keep her for *luck sake*.* and sure, if the master was in it, it is'nt with a rasher and egg I'd be putting off the likes of you; but the best of tay and coffee for the leedies I'd have."

Mr. Glentworth entreated Mc. Rory not to make himself uneasy; said his bill of fare was very good; and that they were all in a state of appetite, which did not render them particularly nice.

When Mc. Rory retired, Lady Single-

* Brackit, speckled.—All speckled animals are esteemed lucky. There are many stories current of the magical powers of *trout*.

ton, who had been tossing over the papers, and prying into every thing, observed, that she began to have suspicions about the stranger, not much to his advantage; and quoted several observations of Mr. Dexter's, which Mr. Glentworth endeavoured to refute.

Lady Florence said, that it was at least a singular thing, for a man of his appearance to live in such a solitary and savage place; and that his evident wish to escape them did not argue much in his favour.

“As to his being a Colonel, as Mc. Rory called him,” said Lady Singleton, “that is merely, as it strikes me, a *nom de guerre*; however, I shall find out from Mc. Rory the history of that before we go.”

Miss Singleton said, she thought he looked very like a captain of banditti she once drew standing under a rock; to which her sister implicitly agreed.

Miss O'Halloran, for the first time

breaking silence, coolly observed that the picture of the Abbé *was in motion*.

She had scarcely announced the extraordinary fact, to the consternation of the whole party, when the picture was pushed forward, and the stranger himself appeared occupying its place, wrapped in a long dark cloak, which added to the natural height of his stature. The effect produced was no less striking than the event was unexpected. The stranger, for a moment, stood motionless at the threshold of the door; the dark rocks without forming a strong relief to his figure, on which the light of the lamp flashed brightly. Surprise and confusion characterized the group within. The stranger at last advanced, closed the pictured door, and bowed to all with an air of courteous recognition; but his courtesy could not disguise the profound mortification and amazement which were visible in his countenance.

"I am afraid, Sir," said Mr. Glentworth, "that this is as unseasonable as it is an unexpected event: but we are still destined to be your debtors; and that, without even the interference of your volition, or our own." He then briefly related the circumstances of their accident—their meeting with Mc. Rory in the mountains; his promise of shelter for that night; and their discovery of the name of the person under whose roof they were to find an asylum.

"The necessity of the case must plead for our intrusion," he added: "and your advice, perhaps, may assist us to shorten its duration."

The stranger's answer included all that politeness, and even kindness, could dictate on the occasion. He took upon himself to make all necessary arrangements for refitting the carriage; urged the necessity of their remaining where they were for that night;

and repeatedly expressed his regret that the *hut*, of which he was but recently the master, and from which he had been for some weeks absent, could so ill, in any way, accommodate them. "However," he added, "it would at least afford shelter from the inclemency of a night, which was every moment becoming more wild and dreary." Though all this was said with an apparently cordial sincerity, it was still evident that feelings of pride and hospitality, of politeness and annoyance, were strongly at variance; and that though he wished to have been of use to his guests, he would have preferred being so by any other mode, than that he was obliged of necessity to adopt.

"Well," said Lady Singleton, "here we are, however, *bongré, malgré*, and a most dreary adventure we have had of it, Mr. O'Donnel; or, I beg your pardon, COLONEL O'Donnel; for we have learnt your military rank from

your servant: but I cannot imagine what you can have been about, wandering in such a night as this among these horrible mountains."

"I was endeavouring, Madam," he replied, smiling, "to get home as fast as I could, after a ramble of more than six weeks duration on foot."

While he spoke, the door was opened by Mc. Rory, who entered, laden with things to lay the table for dinner; when catching a look of his master, he exclaimed:

"Why, then, blessed Virgin! is it the maister I see there, *OPPOSITE fore-nent* me?—Ah! Sir, dear, how did you get in? Sure it must be by the little back door in the front of the house.—Och! Bran, my *baste*, are you come back to me, agra!—Well, what luck I have, and the quality here and all!—and soon as I lay the table, I'll attend your Honour, and get you a *change*."

Sir; for I'll engage you are well wet with the rain, Colonel."

During this address, Mc. Rory was laying a clean, but coarse cloth, with every thing else of suitable plainness; and his master, with an air of great discomfort, was looking silently on, while Mr. Glentworth begged he would stand on no ceremony, but retire and change his dress, which the rain had penetrated in spite of his watch-cloak:—"For you ought to remember," he said, smiling, "that we are less *guests* than intruders."

This speech awakened O'Donnell from his silent reverie, and suddenly recalled to himself, he hastily replied:

"I only lament I cannot do the honours of a host by such guests as they ought to be done: but I have been an absentee from this little retreat almost from the moment I became its master."

Mc. Rory, followed by the old woman, now entered with the dinner, which exceeded the letter of his bill of fare; for in addition to the rashers and eggs, appeared some excellent dried salmon, and some potatoes and butter, which Mr. Glentworth assured Mc. Rory were a feast in themselves.

“ O! it's true for your Honour; they are, surely,” returned Mc. Rory: “ they're the real BLACKS.”

Mc. Rory then placed chairs round the table, invited the company to be seated, and appeared much delighted, when he saw with what goodwill they partook of the simple fare he had prepared for them; while his master, who refused to join his guests, on the plea of having dined, stood silently leaning against the chimney-piece; the colour varying in his face whenever Mc. Rory opened his lips; and the confusion of mortified pride increasing on his coun-

tenance, with every trivial incident, that tended to wound it.—But when Mc. Rory, after waiting in a formal attitude for a few seconds behind Mr. Glentworth's chair, stepped forward, and said in a loud whisper, "Does your Honour know what's gone with the bottle of wine, was left out after the *wake*?" he suddenly left the room, followed by Mc. Rory, who continued to repeat: "I disremember me intirely about the bottle of wine, so I do; which is remarkable."

"So," said Lady Singleton, "it is pretty evident that this man is *bored* to death by finding us here; and it does not look well to see him so *géné* by our presence."

"It at least looks natural," said Mr. Glentworth. "His manner arises out of his feelings, which are those of a proud, and I fear a poor man."

"Of a very *vain* man, I believe,"

said Lady Florence. "Upon the whole, he gives me the impression of being an amazing coxcomb."

The entrance of Mc. Rory put a stop to the conversation. He came forward with a countenance dilated with pleasure; and laying two bottles of wine on the table, he said:

"There is a bottle of *Madayra* for your Honour, and some *Port* for the *leedies*.—And ye'z shall have as beautiful a cup of tay as ever was made; and Mary has the cake on the *gridle*; and the maister desires respects, and he'll wait on ye'z as soon as he is dressed; and troth, and he's heartily sorry he has nothing better to offer ye'z; but sure if it was gold ye'z should have it just the same—and long life to him, for his like is'nt this night on the floor of God's creation, though he's rather CRASS to myself to-night, any how; and devil a know I know, for why, if it is not for

making so free with your Honour: for, as I tould him, if I would'nt make free with the likes of you, who is it I'd make free with?—Sure it's the real quality takes less on them always."

NOTES.

Lough-Dergh, page 103.—This famous Pilgrimage is in the parish of Templecarn, and barony of Tyrhugh. On this lake there are several islands: the largest is called the island of St. Dabeoc; some call it St. Fintan's island, and others the island of Saints.—*Richardson's Folly of Pilgrimages*.

In this island was a priory of Canons Regular, following the rule of St. Augustine, which was dedicated to the Saints Peter and Paul, founded, as some say, by the great Apostle of Ireland; but others give the foundation of it to St. Dabeoc; (*Annal. Munst.*) This saint was also called Mobeoc and Beonan: he was brother to St. Canoc, who flourished about the year 492. St. Dabeoc is patron of this church, where three festivals are held to his honour yearly. It had a fine chapel, with convenient houses for the monks, the remains of which are yet to be

seen. One of the St. Patricks was prior here about the year 850. (*War. Mon.*)

Notwithstanding the reputed holiness of this celebrated monastery, it was plundered and reduced to ashes by Bratachas O'Boyle and Mc. Mahon, A. D. 1207. (*Annal. Munst.*) John was prior in 1353. (*Ogygia.*)

St. Patrick's Purgatory, as it is called, was first fixed in this island; but it being near to the shore, and a bridge from the main-land giving the people a free and easy access to it, the cave was closed up, and another was opened in a lesser island, about half a mile from the shore.

Some people have given the invention of this Purgatory to the great St. Patrick; but others, with more probability, ascribe it to Patrick, who was prior here about the year 850. (*War. Mon.*)

This Purgatory continued a long time in repute, both at home and abroad. We find in our records several safe conducts granted by the kings of England to foreigners desirous to visit it, and particularly in the year 1350, to Maletesta Ungarus, knight; another, bearing the same date, to Nicholas de Bucaria, a nobleman of Ferrara; (*Rymer's Foedera, T. 4. p. 107*) and in 1397, one to Raymond Viscount de Pu-rilleux and Knight of Rhodes; with a train of

twenty men and thirty horses. (*Ib.* T. 8, p. 14) But this Purgatory must have fallen afterwards into disrepute; for we find, that by the authority of the Pope Alexander VI. (he having considered the same in the light of imposition), it was demolished on St. Patrick's day, A. D. 1497, by the father guardian of the Franciscans of Donegal, and some other persons of the Deanery of Lough Erne, who were deputed for this purpose by the bishop. A canon of the priory of St. Dabecoc usually resided on the island, for the service of the church and pilgrims. (*Mon. Ib.* p. 103.)

The extent of this island is scarcely three quarters of an Irish acre. The cave of the Purgatory is built of freestone, and covered with broad flags, and green turf laid over them. In length, within the walls, it measures sixteen feet and a half, and in breadth about two feet and one inch: when the door is shut, no light can be discovered, save what enters at a small window in a corner, (*War. Mon.*) and here the males and females do penance together. It was here that Carolan, the famous Irish bard and musician, recollected the touch of a lady's hand he had been in love with twenty years before. In 1630, the government of Ireland thought fit to have it finally suppressed, and it

accordingly was dug up, to the no small distress and loss of the R. C. Clergy. (*War. Annal.*) But in the memory of the oldest persons I ever heard speak of it, the resort of pilgrims from all parts of Ireland has always been immense: the Purgatory, if ever dug up, is now rebuilt, and in the middle of the summer as devotedly and numerously frequented as ever.

Statistical Survey of Donegal, by J. R. Varlin, M. D.

Did homage to King James I. page 183.— When Hugh O'Donnel, Chief of Tirconnel, fled to Spain, and his brother Roderick possessed himself of his territories, the cousin and dear friend of the exiled chief, *Niall O'Donnel*, a man of great prowess and military reputation, was summoned to Dublin to appear before the Lord Deputy and Council to receive a *patent* upon part of the chieftaincy of Tirconnel, "in the hope (says the Chronicle of the Four Masters) to win him over to the English side; but little tempted by an *English Earldom*, which was offered him, instead of attending this summons, he fled to *Kilmacrennan*, where the *Rock of Inauguration* stood, and sent for O'Firgil, the

successor of Columb-kill,* by whom he was made the *O'Donnel*."

*Translation of the Irish Chronicle called the
Annals of the Four Masters.*

* *O'Firgil* was a sort of *bardic priest*, and hereditary *chief-maker* of Tirconnel. The order, descended from the Druidical institutions, differed only by being Christian priests. It is a singular proof of the love of the Irish for the ancient customs of their country, that such a character and profession existed as late as the days of James I. and the preference of *Niall O'Donnel* for his Irish *tanistry*, (though but a *sound*;) and his rejection of an English Earldom, with a portion of land attached to it, is equally singular. The history of this independent chief is thus sadly concluded in the Chronicle :

"On *Niall's* refusal, the *King's Lord Lieutenant and Council* were highly displeased, and *Niall O'Donnel*, his brother, and son, were taken up shortly after on suspicion of abetting a rebel chief, *O'Dogherty* : he came off with his life according to law, but with his son was condemned to perpetual imprisonment."

Annals of the Four Masters.

END OF VOL. I.



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